மாணிக்க வாசகர் அருளிய திருவாசகம்
கௌசல்யா ஹார்ட் அவர்களின்
ஆங்கில மொழிபெயர்ப்பு

tiruvAcakam of mAnikka vAcakar
English Translation by Dr. Kausalya Hart
In tamil script, unicode/utf-8 format

Acknowledgements:

Our thanks also go to Dr. Kausalya Hart of the Univ. of California, Berkeley, CA, USA (retd.) for providing a soft copy of this translation and kind permission to publish the work under Project Madurai collections.

Preparation of HTML and PDF versions: Dr. K. Kalyanasundaram, Lausanne, Switzerland.

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Introduction

The Thiruvasagam is divided into 3 parts, each of which has many sections. The Tamil version on Project Madurai, which is followed here, numbers each stanza in order, indicated in the translation by a number in brackets at the end of the stanza. Sections 1-4 of part 1 each count as a stanza, and line numbers are given in those sections to correspond to the Project Madurai versions. After section 4 of part I, each stanza has two numbers: at the beginning the number in the section and at the end in brackets the cumulative number that corresponds to the number in Project Madurai (cf. PM releases #0003, #0094 and #0222). The English names given before each section are not a literal translation of the Tamil immediately before them but are intended to give the reader a better idea of the content of the section than a literal translation would.

Part I, The Lord of the Vedas.

Sections 1-4 praise Lord Shiva in the traditional way. In section 5, a devotee asks for the lord's help so that he can escape from his karma and future births. In section 6, a weak devotee praises the lord and ask him not to leave him.

Part II, Dancing for the Dancer of Thillai.

In sections 7 - 20 women praise the lord as they play. In it, various ceremonies are described that even today are followed in the worship of Shiva.

Part III, The Plea of the Devotee.

In sections 21 -51 a devotee asks for the lord's help so he can join him and leave this world.

Cf. Project Madurai Publications :

i) மாணிக்க வாசகர் அருளிய திருவாசகம் (PM#0003).

ii) English Translation of tiruvAcakam by Rev. G.U. Pope (part 1, PM#0094)

iii) English Translation of tiruvAcakam by Rev. G.U. Pope (part 2, PM#0222)

tiruvAcakam of mAnikkavAcakar

Part I. The Lord of the Vedas

1. Sivapuranam [1] The Timelessness of the Lord

2. Keerthi Thiruvakaval [2] A divine akaval poem describing the Lord's fame

3. Thiruvandappakudi: Civanathu Thula Sukkumattai Viyanthathu [3] The Lord as the universe and the creation of the world

4. Potri Thiruvakaval: Cakattin Urpatti [4] A soul is born, grows, becomes a devotee and praises the Lord

5. Thiruchadagam [5-104] A hundred divine songs asking for the Lord's grace and describing the weakness of the soul and how it has not done service to the Lord

5.1. Mey Uṇartal—Knowing the Lord as the truth [5-14]

5.2. Arivuruthal—The soul, worried that it lives on the earth in vain without doing service to the lord, searches for his grace [15-24]

5.3. Cuttaruthal—The soul longs for true knowledge to know the Lord [25-34]

5.4. Atmacuthi—The soul worries that it has not searched for the lord and asks for his grace [35-44]

5.5. Kaimaru Koduthal—The soul asks the lord for his grace and asks his help to unite with him [45-54]

5.6. Anupokacuthi—The soul does not want to live on the earth without joining the lord and asks for his help to reach him [55-64]

5.7. Karuniyattal Irangal—Praising the Lord for his compassion and asking his grace [65-74]

5.8. Ananthathu Azhuthal—Wanting to plunge into the joy of the Lord and unite with him [75-84]

5.9. Anantha Paravacam—Desiring the ecstasy of uniting with the Lord [85-94]

5.10. Anantha Athitham—The soul longs for the extreme joy of uniting with the lord [95-104]

6. Neethal Vinnappam [105-154] The soul entreats the lord not to leave it to suffer in the world

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1. Sivapuranam

1 -10

Namasivaya vaazka

Let us praise the feet of the lord!

Let us praise the feet of the lord

who does not leave my heart even for the wink of an eye.

Let us praise the feet of the great jewel-like god, the king of Thirukokazhi.

Let us praise the god who is near us and is the Vedas.

He is one and many—let us worship his feet.

Let us praise the feet of the lord, the destroyer of our desires.

Let us praise the ornamented feet of Pinnagam that remove our future births.

Let us praise the beautiful feet of the lord

that cannot be reached by any who are not his devotees.

If devotees worship him folding their hands,

he stays happily in their hearts.

Let us praise his ornamented feet.

If his devotees bend their heads and worship him

he makes them famous—let us praise his feet.

10 -20

Let us praise the divine feet of our lord Esan.

Let us praise the feet of our father.

Let us praise the feet of our bright lord.

Let us praise the feet of Shiva, our god.

Let us worship the faultless lord who loves us.

Let us praise the feet of our king who destroys our illusory births.

Let us praise the feet of the god of flourishing Thirupperundurai.

Let us praise the mountain-like god who give us endless joy.

Lord Shiva entered my heart and gave his grace—

I bow to his feet and worship them by his grace

and I recite the entire Shivapuranam

so that the karma of all will be destroyed.

21-30

The three-eyed lord came to me and showed his compassion
and I worshiped his matchless ornamented feet.
He is the sky, the earth, the bright light that spreads everywhere
and he has no limits.
I have done bad karma.
I do not know how to praise him.
I was born as a blade of grass, a bhutam, a worm, a tree,
many animals, a bird, a snake, a stone, a human, a demon
one of the ganas, a strong Asura, a sage, a god and all creatures
that act or do not act.

31-40

I was born as all things on this earth and I am tired.
O lord, I found your golden feet and reached moksha.
You stay in my mind as “Om” and protect me.
O lord, you are the truth, the faultless one, the rider on a bull,
and you are deep and wide yet small like an atom.
The Vedas praise you saying, “You are our master!”
O faultless lord, you are heat and cold,
the true wisdom that removes all the false deeds of your devotees,
a shining bright light and excellent knowledge that give us grace.
O lord, you are my joy!
I am not wise, and you are the good knowledge
that removes my ignorance.

41 -60

You have no beginning or end and you cannot be measured.
You create the whole world, protect and destroy it,

you give your grace to the world, take creatures of the world
to your world and make them worship you.
You stay far and near and you are the fragrance in all things.
You are the lord of the Vedas, filled with knowledge.
You stay in the hearts of your dear devotees
like honey mixed with fresh milk, sugar and ghee.
O great lord, remove the future births of your devotees.
O lord with five colors,
you hid when the gods in the sky searched for you.

You gave me a body to me that is a hut filled with dirt
and that has done bad and good karma.
Its inside is bound by virtue and sin
and its outside is covered with skin.
The five senses do wicked things
and my body wants to do everything that my senses
want it to do.

O faultless one, my heart melts with love for you.
Even though I am like an animal my heart melts with love for you,
and have not done any good.
You came to this earth, showed me your ornamented body
and gave me your grace to me who am lower than a dog.

61-70

O lord, you, the truth, showed me love more than a mother.
You are a faultless light, a blooming bright flower,
our bright lord, our friend and sweet honey.
You, the god of Shivapuram,
removed my bond with the earth,

you protect me and give me your loving grace.

O lord, you, a flood of compassion,
removed the wickedness from my mind,
You are our nectar that is always sweet.
O limitless lord, you do not appear
before those who do not think of you.
You melted my heart
and stay in my heart giving me life.

71-80

Though you have no happiness or sorrow,
you can be happy or sorrowful.
O lord, friend of those who think of you as their friend,
you are everything and you are nothing,
you are brightness and darkness, and you were never born.
You, the ancient one, are the end and middle yet you are neither.
O father, you took me to you and made me yours.

Even those wise ones who know many things do not know you.
O lord, virtuous one, you are not born on the earth
and you do not leave it.
O lord, light that no one can see,
you are our protector and take care of us.
You are the joyful flood of a river,
O lord, you are light that will never diminish,
and the deep feeling in our hearts.

81-95

O lord, faultless wisdom on his earth, knowledge, clarity,
nectar that springs in the hearts of your devotees,

you made me yours.
Your devotees praise you saying,
“My body is becoming weak and I will not be able to bear it.”
You are my chief, O Shiva, save me.

Your devotees praise you
and ask for the boon of not being born on the earth.
You destroy our false bodies
and our births so we will not be born and suffer.
O lord, king of southern Pandya country,
you dance in the golden hall in Thillai at midnight.

You destroy the births that give us sorrow.
Devotees worship you and say you cannot be described,
as they exclaim, “O king of the southern Pandya country,
dancer in the golden hall of Thillai,
you destroy the births that give us sorrow.”
Those who sing your praise in songs and know their meaning
will reach Shivapuram and abide beneath your feet
where all other devotees will praise them and bow to them. 95

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2. Keerthi Thiruvakaval [2]

Praising the lord in various temples where he stays.

1-20
In Thillai, the god with countless qualities, the life of all, dances
and creates and destroys the earth, the sky and the world of the gods.
He removes my darkness and gives me knowledge
and he fosters love for him in the hearts of his devotees and abides there.
In Mahendra mountain the five-faced lord created the Vedas
and taught them to the sages.

In Kalladam he stays with his wife Uma,
and in Panchappalli he stays with his wife whose words are sweet as milk
and gives his grace to all.
Coming as a hunter
he embraced the breasts of Uma whose lips are soft as murungai flowers,
and coming as a fisherman,
he retrieved the Vedas from the fish that had swallowed them
and gave his grace to all with his five faces.

21-40

In Nandampadi he taught the four Vedas to his devotees.
Lord Esan, the bull rider. came to earth in hundreds of forms
with his wife Uma who shares half of his body,
saved the world and gave his grace to all.
Disguised as a merchant he came to help Manivasagar buy horses.
In Velamputhur he gave a spear to the king Ugra Pandiyan
and enabled him to conquer his enemies.
In Shanthamputhur he gave his grace to the hunters who carry bows.
In Chokkanaadu he showed his red fire-like body.
The lord, our king who could not be found by Brahma and Thirumal,
changed foxes into horses to save Manivasagar
so he could sell the horses to the Pandya king.

41-60.

The lord disguised himself as a Brahmin and did miracles.
Disguised as a servant he cared for the horses in the great city of Madurai,
and there he carried sand for Vandi to get pittu.
In Utharakosamangai he did clever deeds.
In Puvanam he appeared in a beautiful form.
In Thiruvadavur he danced as his anklets sounded sweetly.

In rich Thirupperundurai he stayed happily and wandered as a thief.
In Puvalam, staying happily, he destroyed the bad karma of all
and made a pandal and fed water to thirsty people.

61- 80

In Thiruvenkadu he went as a guest and stayed under a kurundam tree.
In Thiruppattamangai he gave the eight siddhis to sages.
Disguised as a hunter he hid in the forest.
In Thirumeykkaadu, the unique lord stayed happily and gave his grace to all.
In Thiruvoriyur he became a child.
In Pandur he stayed in the temple.
In Thiruthevur he disguised himself as a king and ruled.
In Thiruvarur he taught wisdom to the sages.
In Thiruvidaimarudur he danced.
In Thiruvekambam he stayed with his wife who shares half his body.

81-100.

In Thiruvanjiyam he stayed with his wife who has fragrant hair,
becoming a warrior with a strong bow and performing heroic deeds.
He stayed majestically in Kadampur and in Engoymalai.
In Thiruvaiyaru he stayed as a Saivaite sage.
In Thiruthuruthi, he stayed happily.
In Thiruppanai all the people loved him.
In Thirukazukkundram he tarried.
In Thiruppuyampuram he gave many boons to his devotees.
In Thirukkutralam he stayed in his form of meditation.
The ancient god with a beautiful form
comes magically and gives goodness to all.
Shiva, the god of compassion, came from the sky
and taught the shastras to all in Chandradeepam city.
In Thirukkazhipaalai he stays beautifully.

101-126

The nature of the compassionate lord of endless fame cannot be described.
He is smeared with divine white powder.
He destroys the future births of his devotees and gives them joy.
The compassionate lord dances to the sound of drums
and shares half of his body with his wife.
His pure, shining body destroys the three faults and karma of his devotees.
In Thirukazhumalam, wearing a cenkazhuneer flower garland, he gives his love to all.
Thirumal and Brahma could not find his head or feet.
He rode on a horse and came to the earth.
The god of the Pandya country gives his grace to his devotees
so that they will not be born again on the earth.
He gives moksha to the devotees who worship him with devotion.
He is the god of Utharakosamangai
and the god of gods who gave his grace to all the three ancient gods.
He takes away the ignorance of his devotees and gives them joy.
He, the mountain of grace, knows the qualities and abilities of all
and gives his grace accordingly.

127- 146

O lord, I am a dog.
You asked me to come to the dancing hall in flourishing Thillai.
You join your devotees and give your grace.
Of the devotees who cannot reach him,
some enter fire, some are entranced with love for him,
some fall on the ground and worship him,
some run to the ocean and cry, “O god, O lord!”
and some reach his feet.
Some anxiously wait for the same grace he gave to Pathanjali.
He dances in the golden hall of Thiruppuliyur
and smiles at his wife Uma whose red mouth is sweet as a fruit.

He, the god of high Kailasa mountain, came to Thiruppuliyur and abides there.

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3. Thiruvandappakudi [3]

Praise the lord as the creator of the world

1-28

The lord has the form of the world
that can not be measured.
He is more beautiful than hundreds of crores of lights.
He is small like an atom yet he is large.
He created Brahma, the creator of the world,
and he creates and protects all creatures of the world
and he also ends their lives.
The world moves as if it were caught in a storm
and he makes it function.

He is the lord of all the six religions and their principles
and he is moksha for all, even the gods.
Every day he gives light to the sun, coolness to the moon,
heat to fire and purity to the wide sky.
He makes the wind blow and gives water its sweet taste.
He creates the earth and the many crores of things in it.

29-36

He is ancient, matchless, the whole universe.
He wears the teeth of a boar and a tiger skin.
He is smeared with white ashes.
Whenever I think of him,
I am unable to bear the thought
that I have not reached him.
He, the creator of the music of the veena, is also its music. 35

37-50

He is ancient, the highest one
and could not be found by Brahma and Thirumal.
He is a wonder and many who can't be described in words.
The mind cannot know him but he can be caught in the net of devotion.
He is unique, the only god.
a wonderful thing like an atom,
and he pervades the whole world.

51-60

He is a rare thing among rare things and has matchless praise.
He enters into all things and makes them flourish.
Scholars cannot recognize him.
The lord who has no birth or ending
creates all relationships in the world and moksha.
Lord Shiva is all moving and unmoving creatures—
even the gods do not know him..
He is female, male and ali.
I saw the god with my own eyes,
the compassionate lord who is nectar and gives his grace to all.

61- 65

He came to earth to make his devotees his.
I am sure he is the god Shiva.
He made me his and gave his grace to me.
He is joined with Uma
whose beautiful eyes are like kuvalai blossoms—
she is half his body.

66-95

As if he were a dark cloud,
the god took water from the ocean of divine joy

and climbed the mountain in Thirupperundurai.
Then lightning spread in all directions,
snakes that have five senses ran away,
the hot season made the trees dry,
beautiful kandal flowers bloomed,
indragopa insects swarmed everywhere,
and lotuses bloomed with petals that were like kandal blossoms.

The flood of his grace spread in all directions.
Thirsty deer drank water, rivers flooded and crashed on their banks,
rain fell and cooled the heat
beautiful flowers bloomed,
kandal buds looked like the folded hands of devotees,
butterflies flew everywhere,
thunder roared,
water like the wisdom of knowledge filled up the ponds
and crashed on their banks,
and trees fell like our bad karma.

As if they were deer thirsty for drink,
good devotees drink in the meaning of the six religions.
As if they were performing archana for the gods,
farmers lovingly plant their crops in the earth.
May the god of the universe who is like a cloud prosper.

96-100 Praising God. vaazhga

Let us praise the lord who wears a snake belt.
Let us praise the ancient lord who gives grace to the sages,
Let us praise the lord who removes the future births of his devotees,
attracts them and makes them his.

Let us praise the lord who will come to me and remove my sorrow.100

101-105

Let us praise the lord, the dancer in the middle of the night.

Let us praise the lord who gives his nectar-like grace to devotees if they approach him.

Let us praise the lord, the beloved of Uma who has beautiful arms.

Let us praise the lord, a treasure for his poor devotees and an enemy for his enemies.

106-111

The lord, our friend wears a snake for an ornament, praise him.

He made me crazy for him, praise him.

He is strong and decorated with ash, praise him.

The ancient lord makes everything happen in all directions

and he makes all to sleep and wakes them up, praise him.

There are no words to describe him, praise him.

112-123

No one knows him in their feelings?

and he can't be seen or felt by all the senses, praise him.

He created the sky, water, earth, fire and the wind, praise him.

Like the fragrance in flowers

his fame spreads everywhere, praise him.

The shinning lord came to me today with compassion,

gave his grace and removed my future births, praise him.

He is very easy for me to reach.

He gave me my body that melts for his love.

He stays in my mind and makes me happy, praise him.

When I become a devotee of the lord

I feel his flood of joy all over my body.

I do not want this body—I want to join him.

Omnipresent lord could not be found by devotees. 123 - 132

He is a heap of emeralds and shines brightly.
He was not found by Brahma who has heads in all four directions.
Those who tried hard to see him could not find him.
All the sages tried to find him, but could not.
Even those who concentrated only on him could not find him
and felt disappointed.
Those who learned all the Vedas and searched for him could not find him.
Those who thought they could find him in tantras
could not find him even in the sky.

133 - 141
He is unique.
He has the form of a male, a female and an ali
and all the gods were unable to find him.
He shares his body with his wife who has shining forehead.
He was not found by sages who controlled their five senses,
left all their pleasures of the world,
and did penance with their thin bodies.
No one knows whether he is or he is not or whether he is one thing.
I, his devotee, finally found that thief who hid himself.

142 - 145
He hid himself from all those who worship him saying,
“Praise him, praise him, adorn him with garlands,
go round him and worship him,
follow him, do not leave him, hold on to him!”

146 -157
The matchless lord with a unique nature

calls us, his devotees, and makes us his.
He shows us his Vedic form and gives his grace.
I worshiped him crying and calling out.
I felt as if I were caught in the waves of the ocean,
had fallen into it, rolled about and cried.
I felt like a crazy man and became like a maniac.
People were scared to see me
and those who heard me were amazed.
I was like a mad elephant as I suffered.
I do not enjoy the feelings of five senses.

158 - 167
In the cities of his enemies he is like a fire that destroys them,
but he is like a nellikkani on my palm.
I do not know how to praise him.
Is this right for him?
I cannot survive without him.
I do not know what he wants me to do
or how to get his grace,
and even if I receive it, I do not have enough of it.
Even if I swallow it, it is not enough for me.

168 - 182
He filled my heart with nectar from the cool milky ocean roaring with waves.
I am a dog yet he made my body fill with nectar.
He made it as if nectar and sweet honey
were flowing all through my flesh and bones.
He makes me melt for him and makes my body pure.
I am like an elephant that looks for sugarcane and vilam fruit.
His grace and compassion flow through my body like honey
and have made me his.

He is the lord whom even Brahma could not find.

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4. Potritthiruvahaval

1 - 30

As Brahma and all the gods in the sky worshiped you,
Thirumal, praised by sages everywhere,
who wears a silver crown and measured the three worlds with his two feet,
wanted to find your feet, and, disguised as a boar,
split open the earth and looked for them,
but, unable to find them and exhausted,
he praised you, saying, “Jeya, Jeya!”
You are easy to find for your devotees
if they worship you on this earth
surrounded with wide ocean.

In this world where elephants and ants are born,
I was born from the faultless womb of a mother
unaffected by any of her impurities.
After I was born for the first, the second and third month
I survived, but in the fourth month, I lived in darkness,
in the fifth month I was breathing well,
in the sixth month all the neighbors came to see me
and gossiped about how I look,
in the seventh month, I crawled,
in the eighth and ninth months I lived without any trouble,
in the tenth month I slept with my mother
and so I grew up year after year.
In the morning I did all the things I had to do,
in the day I was hungry always,
and in the night I slept. That is how I lived.

31 - 59

When I was young I lived in this crazy world like a mad elephant,
falling in love with women as beautiful as peacocks,
with dark curly hair, red mouths, round breasts and sharp eyes.
I learned from an ocean of books.
Impoverished, I needed to earn wealth and suffered in many ways.
I began to understand fate
and I also began to understand all the magical things in life.
Relatives and neighbors joined together and gossiped about me.
They talked of atheism.
Friends and others called me constantly just to talk
and wanted to go to places with me.
Those who know the shastras told me
that I should do vrathas and described the rules of shastras to me.
I heard scholars of many schools
when they argued and fought about various philosophies.
The people belonging to Ulogayudam surrounded me like snakes
and many other illusionary things also surrounded me.

60- 77

But I only wanted to be your devotee,
and I was like a candle that is near the fire and is not moved away.
I worshiped you and melted in my heart for you.
I cried, my body shivering,
I danced, screamed, sang and praised you.
My heart melted in devotion like a nail piercing a soft tree
and swelled like an ocean.
My body shivered and the world looked at me and laughed.

I was not ashamed for whatever they said

and accepted their words as if they were ornaments.
I did not give up my desire to see you
and the joy that I might see you increased.
I was crying and troubled
and did not want to think of any other god.
I understood that you are the only highest god
and you came to the earth, became my dear guru
and gave me your grace.

78- 85.
I do not think of your greatness as a simple thing.
I feel like a shadow that does not move from your grace.
I consider the direction of the lord without growing tired.
My bones melt and I long for you.
The river of love for you flows over its banks.
All of my senses look for you.
I cry out, “Lord, lord!”
My words are confused?
My body shivers.
I fold my hands and my heart blooms in devotion for you.
My eyes feel joy and fill with tears.

86 -99
You are mother for those who worship you
without stopping and you nourish us, I praise you.
You are the god who came to the earth as a scholar of the Vedas, I praise you.
You are the king of golden Madurai, I praise you.
You shine like a large jewel in Madurai, I praise you.
You dance in the hall in Thillai, the southern city, I praise you.
You are nectar for me today, I praise you.
You are endless and you created the four Vedas, I praise you.

You carry the bull banner, I praise you.

You have many shining forms, I praise you.

You make my heart melt as if you were peeling a stone

to get a fruit from it, I praise you.

O golden hill, protect me, I praise you.

When I cry you give me your grace and save me, I praise you.

100 - 130

You create us all, protect us and give us moksha, I praise you.

You remove all our troubles, I praise you.

O Esaa, I praise you.

You are our god, I praise you.

You are shining marble, I praise you.

O king, I praise you.

You are nectar, I praise you.

You are fragrant and you have many forms, I praise you.

You are the scholar of the Vedas, I praise you.

You are faultless, I praise you.

You are the first one of the world, I praise you.

You are knowledge, I praise you.

You are our refuge, I praise you.

You are a sweet fruit, I praise you.

The Ganges flows in your red hair, I praise you.

You make me yours, I praise you.

You are the feeling of all, I praise you.

I am a low one, your slave, I praise you.

You are our master, I praise you.

You are the atom, I praise you.

You are the god Shiva, I praise you.

You are our chief, I praise you.

You are our aim, I praise you.

You have eight qualities, I praise you.

You are our path, I praise you.

You are our thoughts, I praise you.

You are the remedy for the troubles of the gods, I praise you.

You are easy for all to find, I praise you.

O king, you give us your grace

so I and all my relatives will not fall into the hell, I praise you.

You are our friend, I praise you.

You are my help, I praise you.

You are our life, I praise you.

You are my treasure, I praise you.

You are our moksha, I praise you.

You are the first one of the world, I praise you.

You are our lord, I praise you.

You are the god Hara, I praise you.

You surpass all feelings and cannot be described, I praise you.

You are the wealth of the wide ocean of the world, I praise you.

You are beauty even in simple things, I praise you.

You are like the eye and a dark cloud, I praise you.

You are the omnipresent mountain of grace, I praise you.

You served your devotees, I praise you.

You made me worthy

and placed your feet on my head, I praise you.

132 -156

You take away the troubles of those

who worship you folding their hands, I praise you.

You are the endless ocean of joy, I praise you.

You will not be destroyed or created, I praise you.

You are the first one who is above all, I praise you.

You are the beloved of Uma

whose eyes are like a doe's, I praise you.

You are the mother of the gods in the sky, I praise you.

You are five in the world, I praise you.

You are four in water, I praise you.

You are three in fire, I praise you.

You are two in the wind, I praise you.

You are the only one sky, I praise you.

You are nectar for compassionate ones, I praise you.

You are hard for the gods in the sky to see even in dreams, I praise you.

You give me, a dog, your grace in the day, I praise you.

145 - 163

You are the god of Thiruvidaimarudur, I praise you.

The Ganges flows in your hair, I praise you.

You are the king of Thiruvarur, I praise you.

You are the god of beautiful Thiruvaiyaru, I praise you.

You are the god of Thiruvannamalai, I praise you.

You are the ocean of nectar and dear as my eyes, I praise you.

You stay in Thiruvekambam, I praise you.

Half of your body is Uma your wife, I praise you.

You the highest god stay in Thirupparaythurai, I praise you.

You, the Shiva, stay in Thiruchirappalli, I praise you.

I do not have any other refuge, I praise you.

You are our dancer and you stay in Thirukkutralam, I praise you.

You, the king, stay in Thirukkokkazhi, I praise you.

You, my father, stay on Thiruyengoy mountain, I praise you.

You are the beautiful one who stays in lovely Thiruppazhanam, I praise you.

You, the Vidangan, stay in Kadampur, I praise you.

You give your grace to those who approach you, I praise you.

O king, you gave your grace to the elephant under the athi tree, I praise you.

164 -176

O Shiva, you are the king of Southern land, I praise you.

You are the god of all countries, I praise you.

You gave your grace to the baby pigs, I praise you.

You are the great Kailasa mountain, I praise you.

You are my father and give me your grace, I praise you.

You, the god, take away the darkness in my life, I praise you.

I am your slave and alone, and I am tired, I praise you.

Give me your grace so that I will find a refuge, I praise you.

Give me your grace and say, “Don't be afraid!”, I praise you.

You drank the poison as nectar, I praise you.

You are my chief, I praise you.

You are my father, I praise you.

You are omnipresent, I praise you.

You are faultless, I praise you.

You are a devotee to your devotees, I praise you.

You are life, I praise you.

You are the greatest, I praise you.

You are the highest, I praise you.

You are a rare thing, I praise you.

You are faultless, I praise you.

You are a good path for the scholars of Vedas, I praise you.

O the first of the world, I will not be able to survive, I praise you.

You are my relative, I praise you.

You are my life, I praise you.

You are excellence, I praise you.

You are Shiva, I praise you.

You are good fortune, I praise you.

You are the beloved of Uma, I praise you.

You share your body with your wife whose feet are soft as cotton, I praise you.

I am a dog, your slave, I suffer, I praise you.

You are the shining Esan, I praise you.

You are my eyes that reveal moksha, I praise you.

You are the king of Thirukkovai, I praise you.

You are the king of the mountain country, I praise you.

You stay in Thirukkesari, the beautiful town, I praise you.

You, the precious, stay in Thirukkazhukkundram, I praise you.

You stay in Thiruppuvanam surrounded with mountains, I praise you.

193 - 206

You are the mountain of compassion, I praise you.

You have a form and you are formless, I praise you.

You embrace all with your compassion, I praise you.

You are the light that spreads everywhere, I praise you.

You are clear but hard to understand, I praise you.

You, a faultless shining pearl, I praise you.

You are a friend for your devotees, I praise you.

You, nectar with sweetness that never goes away,

give us your grace, I praise you.

You, the great lord, have a thousand names, I praise you.

You wear a garland of arugam grass, I praise you.

You, the bright light, dance in Thillai, I praise you.

You are the beautiful one decorated with sandal past, I praise you.

You are Shiva, hard to understand, I praise you.

You stay on mighty Mandira mountain. I praise you.

You make me yours and I will survive, I praise you.

207 - 211

You fed the baby tiger I praise you.

You walked on the wavy ocean, I praise you.

You gave your grace to the sparrow, I praise you.

You destroyed the desires of my senses, I praise you.

You are the fire on the earth, I praise you.

212 - 225

You are the bottom, middle and up, I praise you.

You gave moksha to the Pandya king and saved him from hell, I praise you.

You are omnipresent, I praise you.

You are the king of Shivapuram where flowers bloom everywhere, I praise you.

You wear a garland of kazuneer flower, I praise you.

You enter among your worshippers, I praise you.

I, a dog, do not how to survive,

but you accept my babbling words as a garland for you, I praise you.

You, the ancient god, burned the three forts of your enemies, I worship you.

You are the highest light, I worship you.

Praise, praise, you are the lord decorated with snake.

Praise, praise, you are the ancient cause of all.

Praise, praise, jeya, jeya. 225

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5. Thiruchadagam [5-104]

5.1. Mey Uṇartal

1. When I worship you my body trembles.

I shiver, putting my hands on my head,

and worship your fragrant feet.

My eyes fill with tears and my heart melts.

I praise you truly and I say, “Jeya jeya potri!”

Be compassionate to me and do not leave me,

Take care of me. [5]

2. I do not want the lives of Indra, Brahma or Thirumal.

Even if my family is destroyed,
I will not lose the love that I have for you devotees.
Even if I have to go to hell I will not mock your devotees.
I want to have your grace—
O lord, I will not think of any other god except you, O best one. [6]

3. If I think and melt for the lord, the finest one,
and worship his feet, he will make me his.
People think and say he is Thirumal
or whoever they wish their god to be.
They wander everywhere thinking
that this one or that one is god
and they say whatever they want.
When I will leave this world and come to you? [7]

4. The gods who ate the sacrificial food
from Daksha's sacrifice were frightened and ran to you
and asked you to save them.
In their pride, all thought Thirumal, Brahma and Rudra
are the gods of the earth and heaven
and they wandered about everywhere.
What a pity! [8]

5. I have not done any tapas.
I did not sprinkle cool flowers on your feet and worship you.
I have done many wrong things and collected bad karma.
O Shiva, I did not do all the good things
that your devotees have done.
I want to reach your feet.
Give me your grace.
I am your slave, you are the highest god. [9]

6. O lord, you are a thief,
If your devotees sprinkle flowers on your feet
and ask for all they want,
you will not hide from their loving hearts
and you will give whatever they want.
Give me your grace and that same love
so that I may worship your ornamented feet
and praise you always. [10]

7. He created Brahma who created the whole world.
When he took a form spanning earth and sky,
Thirumal who had sprinkled flowers before on his feet
went under the earth as a boar and searched for his feet,
but the lord who did not show himself to Thirumal.
He dances in the burning ground,
acting as if he does not have anyone, wearing a tiger skin
and unmatham flowers and wandering everywhere. [11]

8. O lord, when will the time come
when wind, fire, water, the earth
and the sky are destroyed and you dance?
Will you protect me then and remove all my bad karma?
Will you protect me so I will not be born and collect karma again? [12]

9. My lord in whose hair the cool moon floats created the world.
He is the god of the gods in the sky.
He is Shiva, my lord.
Even though I have done many mean things, he made me his.
He is my lord and I am just his slave—
how could he give me the goodness of being his devotee?

O world, tell me. [13]

10. O faultless jewel-like lord, I am not suitable to be one of your devotees,
but you made me one.
You give your grace to low people like me
and make the gods in the sky debased.
I can only laugh when I see your mischief. [14]

5.2. Arivuruthal

11. I act in this world as if I were in a play with all others.
I hurry to enter moksha.
You are a shining diamond hill.
Give me the grace to love you always
and make my heart melt for you.
O lord, you make me yours. [15]

12. I am not afraid of being born again,
I am not afraid of death.
Even if someone offers me the sky and the world,
I do not want them.
I will not respect any kings who rule the earth.
O Shiva, my lord, my father,
adorned with a kondrai garland dripping with honey,
my only worry is when will the day come that I get your grace. [16]

13. I am worried and long to see your lotus feet.
I am like a dog and have not sprinkled flowers on your feet and worshiped you.
My tongue has not recited your names.
You bent Meru mountain and used it as a bow.
If you do not give your grace of nectar, I will suffer.

I am alone—what else can I do? [17]

14. My heart does not melt because I have not reached your divine feet.
I have not melted with love for you.
I have not decorated you with flower garlands, praised you and worshiped you.
You are the god of gods.
I have not cleaned and smeared your beautiful temple.
I have not danced there.
I am hurrying to get moksha.
I want to dance and join you. [18]

15. You are the sky.
You are the earth.
You are the wind.
You are the life of all creatures.
You are what is and what is not.
You are the king.
You make everyone think of “me” and “mine.”
You make them act in this world yet you stay above all. [19]

16. The gods in the sky praise you and you protect them.
They worship you so that all people will worship them
and they can think they are privileged.
O lord adorned with garlands swarming with bees,
I a dog and your slave.
I worship you so that I will not be born again. [20]

17. The gods in the sky praise you.
The four Vedas sing your praise.
Uma, adorned with kura flowers, shares half of your body.
Your true devotees think of you with love.

Will they see your feet ornamented with sounding anklets?
You are hard to know. [21]

18. You are hard for anyone to know.
You dance in the hall in Thillai.
You are the highest.
I am a low one yet you made me yours.
I do not sprinkle flowers on your fragrant feet.
I do not wonder about and cry for you.
My heart does not melt for you.
I just cannot live here, I cannot live here. [22]

19. O heart, you shiver and melt
for the flower arrows shot by Kama, god of spring,
and for women with white teeth, red mouths
and dark eyes like kuvalai flowers.
O heart, the lord melted you and entered you.
He is in the sky, but you do not know it
and just live in this world in vain. [23]

20. O heart, you live on this earth making your bad karma grow,
and you do not praise the lord
who can release you from the results of your bad acts.
I kept on telling you not to live like this,
but again and again you plunge into bad karma
and the flood of its sorrowful ocean. [24]

5.3. Cutturuthal

21. Your devotees praise you saying,
“The Ganges flows in your jata and you ride on a bull.

You are the god of the gods in the sky."
Their devotion is like a flood flowing down into a valley.
They pant, melt and wait for your grace.
Even though I have not melted for you from head to feet,
you made me yours,
yet my eyes do not shed tears of flood for you.
My lord, my heart is like stone, my eyes are like wood,
I have done bad karma. [25]

22. When I was suffering with the results of bad karma,
you came to me and said, "I will remove your karma"
and made me yours.
You are my lord and I am like a doll made of iron.
I do not sing and praise you, I do not dance for you,
I do not scream and babble your praise. I am tired.
O ancient lord, is it right for me to be like this?
I do not know how I will end.
You are the beginning and the end. [26]

23. I know you are the lord of the four Vedas.
I am a dog, lower than anyone,
yet still I say, '"I am your devotee."
You made me your devotee—
do you have no other devotees?
I am a devil.
It is your greatness that you accepted me as your devotee. [27]

24. O my lord, what should I say to praise you?
I say of you always, again and again,
"You are my mother and father and my lord!"
I wear divine ashes and praise you.

O lord who remove the birth and death of your devotees,
you are a faultless jewel mountain.
O my father, I am a thief and I suffer, plunged into the flood of desire,
but you made me yours.
How could you make me your devotee? [28]

25. The gods in the sky praise you, saying
"Your color is not red,
your color is not white,
you are many, you are one,
You are smaller than an atom."
They do not know what you are and are confused.
O my father, you showed me your form,
your color and your lotus feet ornamented with jewels.
I do not have anyone.
You removed my future births.
You are my lord—what should I say and think of you? [29]

26. You make me think only of you.
I am a dog yet you make me praise your lotus feet
and allow my eyes see them.
You make me have beautiful words to praise you.
You remove the desires of my five senses and enter my heart.
You are the nectar from the large ocean.
O mountain, you gave me yourself.
Your body is like a forest of red lotuses.
O unique shining light
there is no more me and you, we are together. [30]

27. I am alone.
I suffer pushed by the waves of the ocean of karma and rebirth.

I do not have anything to hold on to.
I am caught by passion that swallows me like a sura fish
for women who have sweet mouths red as coral
and I suffer like someone struggling in a wind.
I wondered how I might escape—
I hold on to the boat that is your five letter mantra, “Namachivaaya”
and live on the earth.
O ancient lord, you showed me the shore that is moksha of the ocean of birth
and moksha has no beginning or end.
I am a stupid person yet you made me yours. [31]

28. No one has heard of him.
No one knows him.
He is faultless.
He has no relatives.
He knows everything and hears everything.
Your devotees wait for you sleeplessly.
I am like a dog yet you put me up on a seat,
made me your devotee
and showed me things that you have never shown to anyone.
You made me hear things that no one has ever heard.
You removed my future births and made me yours.
What a wonder you do for me! [32]

29. Have you heard of a wonder like this anywhere?
He made me the devotee of his dear devotees,
removed my fears and made me his.
The nectar of his love springs in my heart.
He is my father,
and he is man, woman, ali, sky, blazing fire and the end of all.
He stays above the earth and has the color of vetchi flower.

He is my lord Shiva, the god of gods. [33]

30. He is the god of gods unknown even to Indra, the king of the gods.
He is the king of the three gods
who create, protect and destroy all the flourishing worlds.
His wife is half of his body.
He is the king of all yet he came to me and made me his.
We are not slaves of anyone, we are not afraid of anything.
We join the devotees of his devotees.
Let us be happy and dance in the flood devotion that he is. [34]

5.4. Atmacutti

31. O heart, you do not dance praising his ornamented feet,
you do not love him,
you do not sing his praise, your bones melting,
you do not feel anxious,
you do not worship his lotus feet,
you do not put flowers on his feet,
you do not search for him or wander calling out his names on the streets.
I do not know what to do. [35]

32. O, heart, I am ignorant.
My father, the lord, entered my heart,
gave me his grace, showed me the good path
and made me be rid of the desires of the world.
You received his grace,
but you play in the world enjoying it.
You make yourself low.
You spoiled me and made me low. [36]

33. O ignorant heart,
you oppose all my good thoughts and spoil me.
I do not trust you.
I have caught Shiva tightly
yet even after you have seen the divine ashes on his arms,
you do not melt and become soft.
This body is something false.
You only ruin me.
I will not listen to you. [37]

34. O playful heart, you are no good.
He made me his, his dog-like slave.
He is the lord of all kinds of tricks.
Even though you are separated from his fragrant lotus feet
that are like tender shoots, I cannot describe
the good knowledge and greatness he gave you. [38]

35. O heart, no one can tell how great he is.
He is easy to reach for his devotees.
He removed your wickedness and made you his.
Even after you knew his compassion,
you did not give up your bad qualities,
you did not make yourself a place for him enter and abide.
O heart, you are not faultless
and you have not bowed to the ornamented feet
of the lord who made you his.
How could you enter his moksha? [39]

36. I am unable to stop being born on this earth
and cannot leave it.
I cannot enter the golden world of the lord

or melt in my heart in love for the feet of my god.
I cannot have the devotion
that is like sweet nectar, honey and milk and nourish it.
What should I do to receive these things?
I have done bad karma. [40]

37. Are there any others who have done bad karma as I have?
He should not think that I am a dog and could be without him.
But though I am separated from the ancient lord's lotus feet
I have not hit my head in desperation.
My feelings are like iron,
my heart is like a stone and I am unable to hear anything.
I do not know why these things are happening. [41]

38. Shiva is honey, pure ghee from a cow,
and clear sweet sugar juice.
No one but his true devotees can reach him
and even they do not know who he is.
He is the king of his world
and half of him is his doe-eyed wife.
I have not joined him—I only look after this body.
I am destroyed yet I am still alive. [42]

39. He has no end and cannot be compared with anything.
I am low, worse than a dog, yet he showed me the good path
and gave his sweet grace like a mother.
He is my lord but I have not seen him.
I have not fallen into fire like other devotees,
I have not fallen and rolled down a hill,
I have not plunged into the ocean—
what should I do? [43]

40. When the arrows of Kama tear my heart,
my mind will be destroyed,
but I do not understand that
and fall for the doe-like glances of women
making my heart suffer like curd churned by a churning stick.
Shiva has given me his divine honey-like grace
but I do not try to enter his world.
I eat, dress and stay in this world
tending to my body of flesh. [44]

5.5. Kaimaru Koduthal

41. My heart is like an elephant with two trunks.
I have not seen the lord, origin of the world,
and all I know is trouble.
You called me to come to you but I am not able to—
I want only to live in this world and enjoy life.
You are the highest among the gods in the sky. [45]

42. Your devotees sense that there is something that is highest,
but they do not know whether it is female, male or ali.
You came to me your devotee and gave your true presence.
Even though I saw you, I do not know you.
What is this magic? [46]

43. Even the gods in the sky
do not know you with your lovely form.
You are the dancer who made me yours,
you are the world, you are the sky,
and you are time that comes and goes.

When can I see you? [47]

44. You are the highest and no one can see you.
I am like a little bird, a low Paanan
and I do not know how to see you
leaving this body and the pleasures of my senses. [48]

45. I do not praise you or roll on the ground to worship you,
I do not speak of your fame or call to you with love,
but I want to go against my own desires
and come before you and worship your lotus feet.
I want to be like Yama who opposed you
but was able only to worship your feet. [49]

46. He is adorned with a kondrai flower garland
swarming with bees and dripping with honey.
Will he call me, make me join his devotees
and make me do his service.
My father is omnipresent and stays above the sky,
under the world and everywhere inside the world.
He is like the oil in a sesame seed and we cannot see him. [50]

47. My lord is my father and mother
and the father and mother of all,
but he has no father or mother.
No one can understand that dear one through knowledge.
Before he entered anyone else, he entered my heart. [51]

48. He does not discriminate between poor and wealthy,
gods, worms and grass—he gives his grace to all.
I am separated from that wonderful god

and do not worship his great ornamented feet even though I saw them.
My heart is like a stone and I have only trouble. [52]

49. You released me from all my troubles.
You made me wear divine white ashes
and made me part of the assembly of your dear devotees
so all would accept me as your devotee.
I am ignorant of the ten things--
water, fire, earth, wind, sky, sun, moon, breath,
Shivam and Shakthi. [53]

50. Your form is knowledge
and you are sweet nectar.
I, your slave, am a dog.
Was it stupid of you to make me yours?
Tell me, am I wise or not?
Give me your grace. [54]

5.6. Anupokacutti

51. O lord Esaa, you are my chief, my father and god.
You released me from my future births.
I, a low person, am a wicked dog and I have no one to depend on
yet I do not think of you who made me yours.
See, you are my love, dancer in the hall of Thillai.
I do not know what to do. [55]

52. I am a small dog and do not know what to do.
I have not seen your golden lotus feet,
living in this world like someone who tells lies.
Even though I heard of and saw

those who do not tell lies and reach your fragrant lotus feet,
I am a liar and I eat, dress and live in this world,
O lord, fighting lion. [56]

53. O lord, fighting lion, I saw you leaving your golden heaven
and coming to the earth with your wife who has young soft breasts.
I saw your good devotees join your feet and receive your grace,
yet even after seeing them,
I stay in this world like a blind cow wandering in a village.
I am cruel—won't I leave this world? [57]

54. Many sages do penance for a long time,
ignore their bodies, become weak and wait to see you.
But you made me, a sinner, your servant,
yet I did not leave this dirty body.
O jewel! I do not have enough love to search for you.
How I am going to reach you, my dear lord? [58]

55. You share your body with doe-eyed Uma.
You made me yours on this earth.
O lord Shiva, sweet as honey, nectar and clear sugarcane juice,
king of southern Thillai,
the devotees who understand you have joined your ornamented feet
but I protect this body, which is like a cage for worms,
and stay in this world. Is this right?
You have made me yours. [59]

56. O lord, the devotees who think of you
and melt in their hearts growing in love for you
have joined your feet, and you have made them yours.
I see them but I am like a low village dog

and my heart does not melt for you.
I am ignorant and my body is a nest of worms
and smells like rotten meat.
You make me stay in this world. [60]

57. Is it right that you keep me away from you?
I have not taken the path of devotion like your dear devotees.
I am a thief.
I have involved myself with women, whose mouths throb,
clothes slip down and faces are marked by small drops of sweat,
yet even so I suffer to receive your love. [61]

58. He is honey, milk and clear sugarcane juice.
He makes his devotees his and melts their hearts.
He is the lord of the sky.
I wonder—is it a joke that you gave me your grace and made me yours?
Is it your character to laugh yet still give your grace to your devotees? [62]

59. O lord, no one knows you.
I am a low person, a dog, yet you made me yours.
O master, if you leave me now who will protect me?
What will I do? You are my god.
Your divine body shines like gold.
You are my mother—where can I go for refuge? [63]

60. I surrendered to your feet and joined the devotees
who praise you and I laugh at my condition?
I gaze at your arms shamelessly.
I am a shameless dog and do not melt in love for you.
I am not the right person for you to make yours—
when I think of this I laugh.

You are my father, I cannot bear to live like this. [64]

5.7. Karuniyattal Irangal

61. I will not bear life on this earth.
O Sankara, I praise you, Viruthanee, I praise you.
O young one, I praise you, O, matchless one, I praise you.
You are the lord of the gods, I praise you.
You are the dancer in Thillai, I praise you.
You are faultless, I praise you, I praise you. [65]

62. Om, namasivaya, I praise you.
Puyangaa, I am fascinated with you. I praise you.
Om, namasivaya, I am without any refuge but you, I praise you.
Om namasivaya, do not make me go away from you, I praise you.
Om namasivaya, jaya, jaya, I praise you. [66]

63. O lord, I praise you.
You, the generous one, made me yours—
even though I lie, I praise you.
I worship your feet, I praise you.
O chief, I praise you, I praise you.
You are a flood of compassion, I praise you.
You are the sweet earth, water, fire, wind, life,
the sky, the sun and moon. [67]

64. O god, I praise you.
Look at me and give me your grace, I praise you.
Remove my desires for this world and make me yours, I praise you.
Release me from this body
and make me join the gods in the sky, I praise you.

O Sankara with the Ganges in your jata, I praise you. [68]

65. O Sankara, I praise you.
I have no refuge, I praise you.
You share your body with your young wife
who has sharp dark shining eyes,
a red mouth and a waist like a snake, I praise you.
You ride on a white bull, I praise you.
I will not be able to live on his earth without you—
O lord, I am tired. [69]

66. You are my lord, I am tired, I praise you.
I blame you, I praise you.
I worship your feet and you made me yours, I worship you.
Isn't the duty of great ones,
to forgive the faults of the young? I praise you.
Take me away from this life, I praise you.
You are the king of the sky, I praise you. [70]

67. My dear lord, I praise you.
You are the bull of the gods in the sky, I praise you.
You share your body with your young wife
who whose waist is thin as a vine, I praise you.
You wear white ashes, I praise you.
You are red, I praise you.
You dance in the sacred hall of Thillai, I praise you.
You are the king of the gods in the sky, I praise you.
O my unique lord, you make me yours, I praise you. [71]

68. You are unique, I praise you.
O father, you are matchless, I praise you.

You are the guru of the gods in the sky, I praise you.
You are our tender beautiful shoot, I praise you.
Order me to come to you, I praise you.
Give me your feet, I praise you.
Take away my loneliness, I praise you. [72]

69. You are the friend of those who love you dearly.
You remove my lies, give me your grace
and make me yours, I praise you.
You drank the poison that came from the milky ocean
and gave the nectar to the gods, I praise you.
Give this dog, your slave, your feet and your grace. [73]

70. You are earth, water, fire, wind and sky, I praise you.
You are the origin of all lives, I praise you,
yet you have no beginning, I praise you.
You are the end of all lives but have no end, I praise you.
You do not have the feelings of the five senses, I praise you. [74]

5.8. Ananthathu Azhuthal

71. O my father, I want to join you.
You made me yours and protect me.
When one considers what it means to join,
joining with you is truly joining—
other than joining your beloved ornamented feet,
there is no joining.
O lord, you are the pleasure of the goddess with beautiful eyes. [75]

72. I do not want any pleasure in this world.
I do not want the pleasures of Indra,

I want only to worship your ornamented feet.
O lord, I want to shiver for your love,
worshiping you and folding my hands above my head.
My eyes should become a river and shed tears, O lord. [76]

73. O lord I, a cheater, have no refuge but you.
I do not know how to say anything but lies.
I lie, yet you are my lord.
You share half of your body with your wife whose eyes are smeared with kohl.
I want to love you the same way as your true devotees and worship your feet. [77]

74. I need the love of your ornamented feet.
I want rid myself of all the lies that I say and only tell the truth.
I am a dog.
O king, give me your grace and make me yours.
I want to praise you saying, “I praise you, I praise you!”
I want to worship you even if I die and am born again and again. [78]

75. The earth and the sky bow to you.
All the four Vedas sing your praise
though they have not reached you—
they are frustrated, but they still continually sing your praise.
We did not leave you and worship you to receive your grace.
You share your body with your young wife who has round breasts.
What do you think? [79]

76. My mind knows only to think of you,
but it is utterly unable to really know you.
I only hear your praise.
You are the whole world.
All my five senses have not known you or felt you.

How wonderful are your divine feet—where are they?
My only wish is to reach them. [80]

77. O lord, when can I reach you?
I, wicked, have no refuge but you.
Knowing how I suffer, protect me
and show me your compassion.
I do not want anything from you
but your compassion. [81]

78. O Esaa, there is nothing except you everywhere,
but people talk as if you were here or there.
I am innocent.
I say that you do not have favorites.
O my lord, faultless one, you made this wicked person yours.
You are a shining light,
and I do not think ever that there is any other god except you. [82]

79. Ignorant, I have never attained you
by thought, deed, hearing, words or the lowly five senses.
I did not fall into fire like Nandanar,
my heart did not break into pieces,
I did not feel ashamed that I have not reached you.
I live longing to reach you, my father. [83]

80. I, a cheater, have an iron heart
yet you made me yours.
You made me worship your feet
that are sweet as sugarcane juice,
but after I had tasted that juice, you left me.
There is fire and I have not fallen into it,

but you say that you love me.

What kind of trick is this? [84]

5.9. Anantha Paravacam

81. You made me stay on this earth.

The devotees whom you love have reached your feet.

O lord, god of Thiruvaarur, I am afraid that I may be born again.

O Bhikshasana, what should I do? Tell me. [85]

82. Your devotees accepted me as your devotee

and I wear divine ashes.

People on the earth scold me for being your devotee

but I want only to reach you.

I am your slave. [86]

83. Am I not your slave

and have you not made me yours?

All your devotees have reached your feet,

but I cannot leave this evil body.

O lord of Sivalogam, I am a rough person

and do not know how to see you happily with my eyes. [87]

84. I have not found the way to reach you.

I saw you before but I only spoke of you in vain and made myself low.

O lord, you are male, female and sweet nectar.

I am truly worthless, a shameless dog.

What is there for me to hold onto?

How can I come to you? [88]

85. Doe-eyed Uma your wife is half your body.

O lord, you are the lord of the Vedas but the Vedas do not know you.
You are honey, nectar and hard for anyone to know.
O king, you forgive the faults of me, a small person.
I told you how hard it is for me to live in this world.
All your devotees have gone to Sivalogam,
but I and my lies could not go in and stood outside. [89]

86. I and my lies stood outside of Shiva—
I have no true love for you.
Devotees who know no other thing than you
did service for you and followed you and reached your feet. [90]

87. I am like a blind cow
that hears the sound of the village cows
and stands alone unable to follow them.
All your devotees are like those cows
and have entered your world and reached your compassionate feet.
I am your slave longing to reach your feet
and I cry for your love.
Give me your grace so I can reach your feet. [91]

88. Devotees who loved you
melted like wax in their hearts,
reached your golden feet and worship you.
I am born uselessly and have not followed them.
I cry for your grace—have compassion on me. [92]

89. You remove the sickness of those who worship you
and you make your beloved devotees worship your ornamented feet.
If you cannot make me worship your feet,
remove my karma and give me your cool feet quickly.

I am strong as bamboo.

You are the true lord who remove the false. [93]

90. I am false, my heart is false, my love is false

and I have done bad karma.

If I cry for you, I will be able to reach you.

You are honey, nectar and sweet clear sugarcane juice.

You are a sweet deer.

Give me your grace and show me the path to reach you. [94]

5.10. Anantha Athitham

91. You are a flood of compassion that never changes.

Your true devotees who came to you and worshipped your feet

received joy and stayed with you.

You, endless, made yourself simple

and came to the earth in a shining form.

I know this but my heart is still hard and does not come to you.

I am a low one, a dog

and it is sad that I have not became your devotee. [95]

92. You share your body with your wife whose eyes

are adorned with kohl.

Even though you came to me and made me yours,

I thought of you as a golden dish in my hand and did not realize that you are so rare, divine

and hard to obtain.

You wear white ashes on your body so it shines.

Your true devotees reached you

but you made me always tell lies and left me on the earth.

Is it right that you left me here and went away? [96]

93. I am not suitable to be your devotee.
I tell lies, and even when you called me to be your devotee,
I did not worry about it.
I am like a thief yet I have not tried to end my life.
O lord with lotus feet and a red body,
you gave your grace to your dear devotees
and took them to your abode but you kept me here.
Is this right, my lord! I have no hope.
I cannot be free from my karma. [97]

94. I did not love your ornamented feet.
You share your body with your wife who has fragrant hair.
As if you were making a stone into a soft fruit,
you made me a devotee of your feet.
There is no limit to your compassion.
O lord, whatever I do, you have the power
to release me from my faults at once
and show me your ornamented feet,
O faultless lord of the sky. [98]

95. Even the gods in the sky do not know you,
the Vedas could not find you,
people of every land cannot know you,
but you made me your devotee sweetly
and you made my body dance for you.
You made me melt in devotion for you and love you
and gave me wisdom to live in this world.
How can I be released from the desires of this world? [99]

96. You created the world and the sky with no seed
and you protect and destroy them.

You made me, a cheater and low person,
stay at the entrance of your temple as if I were mad,
and you made me a friend of your good devotees.
Even if someone plants a poisonous tree, people will not destroy it.
I am like that tree, O lord. Save me! [100]

97. You made me yours, I praise you.
I do have no other refuge but you, I praise you.
You are the highest of all the gods in the sky, I praise you.
I am a lower than all, I praise you.
You are my great compassion, I praise you.
You made me your devotee, I praise you.
O father, you are the beginning and the end, I praise you. [101]

98. O father, you are my nectar.
You are my joy.
You are the honey that springs from my heart and melts it.
You made me your devotee.
You are faultless, adorned with a shining crown.
You are my help.
You keep your devotees in anxiety.
O lord, tell me, is it right to keep me in this world to suffer. [102]

99. O king, my lord, you ask me to come to you.
You are the ancient god of Brahma, Thirumal and all other gods
and will be on the earth after all the things in the world are gone.
O lord who destroy the sins of your devotees,
you asked me to sing your praise with my tongue
and worship your ornamented feet. [103]

100. I want to sing your praise, I praise you.

I want to dance, melt and melt in your devotion, I praise you.
I want to join your feet when you dance in the hall of Thillai, I praise you.
I want you to release me from this worm-like body, I praise you.
I should leave all my falseness, I praise you.
Give me moksha and your grace, I praise you.
You are the truth for your true devotees. [104]

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6. Neethal Vinnappam

1. O bull rider, you made me, a low person, yours with your compassion.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O lord adorned with jata, king of Utharakosamangai
who wear the skin of a strong tiger,
I am tired. Take care of me. [105]

2. I am unable to leave the women
who have mouths red as kovvai fruits
and round breasts that touch each other.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
I have not done any good service for you,
O lord of Utharakosamangai.
Even though I am a thief, you made me yours—why? [106]

3. My five senses are attracted to the dark eyes of women
as if I were a tree on the shore of a river undermined by its flow.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me,
O king of Utharakosamangai.
You stay in flourishing Thiruvarur sharing your body with your wife
whose breasts are adorned with ornaments.
You nourish me. [107]

4. You gave me your compassion and wanted me to praise you,

but I went away from you
and wished to live happily in this world.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O lord with hair adorned by the white crescent moon,
you are the king of Utharakosamangai with tall beautiful hills
and have a form of shining gold. [108]

5. You are the king of Utharakosamangai
the bees drink honey
and swarm around the flowers that adorn your hair.
For a long time I was like a firefly that enters fire
and loved sweet-speaking women.
When you gave me your nectar-like grace I refused to drink it.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me. [109]

6. You are my jewel.
I am ignorant and refuse to know your grace.
Release me from my troubles, do not hate me and leave me.
Remove my bad karma and make me part of you.
O god of Utharakosamangai,
don't elders forgive the mistakes of small dogs like me? [110]

7. You are the truth,
yet you made me, a small one, important
and released me from my future births.
O dark-throated lord, king of Utharakosamangai,
lord Shiva with a red body,
release me from my troubles, do not leave me. [111]

8. I ponder how I may be released from my karma
thinking, "Is it your grace?" and I sweat.

Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You are the king of Utharakosamangai
and ride on a garlanded bull that fights your enemies, terrifying them.
My five senses make my bad karma increase. [112]

9. When you are separated from me,
I am like an ant with two heads
and want to achieve heaven and also enjoy the desires of this world.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You are the lord of all the three worlds,
O king of Utharakosamangai
with a three-headed trident in your hand. [113]

10. I worshiped your shining feet and made myself thin.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me,
O king of Utharakosamangai
surrounded with blooming groves where bees sing the vilari raga.
you fought with your enemies with your strong bow
and burned their three forts. [114]

11. My five senses go against my wishes
and do not allow me to reach your beautiful lotus feet.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
I have done bad karma
but you are the honey that springs in my heart
and you can release me from my karma,
O lord, king of Utharakosamangai,
great one, with a golden body that shines, adorned with divine ashes. [115]

12. You came to me and wish to make me yours,
but I am involved with the desires of five senses and want to leave you.

Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O king of Utharakosamangai,
in your right hand is a victorious trident
that conquers your enemies and kills them.
I am cruel, but you are an ocean of nectar from which I can drink. [116]

13. Like a dog that tries to drink up the water of an ocean,
I want to receive your compassion and be with you,
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O king of Utharakosamangai,
you stay in the bodies of your devotees who love you.
You are honey from flowers, a jewel, my nectar,
you are a flood of sweetness. [117]

14. I am like a person caught in a flood,
I am thirsty but cannot drink water.
Even though I have received your grace, I still suffer.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You stay in the hearts of your devotees who love you,
O king of everlasting Utharakosamangi.
I am a thief. Give me your grace and a life of devotion. [118]

15. Even though you made me join your ornamented feet with a happy mind,
I am still involved only in this worldly life.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O king of Utharakosamangai,
my father, compassionate lord,
your ornamented feet shine brighter than any light on earth.
You made me yours. [119]

16. No one called me and said, “Dear one, don’t be afraid!”

I have been wandering and am tired.
You shine like lightning.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
Only you are equal to you.
O king of everlasting Utharakosamangai,
you are my mother and my father, O rare one! [120]

17. O lord, you are everything in this world and above it.
I am lonely and you are my refuge.
You are a threat to any who defile your fame,
but you give your grace to your devotees,
O king of Utharakosamangai
surrounded with beautiful groves.
You are darkness and light,
life on this earth and moksha.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me. [121]

18. If I ask you, “Join me to you, make me yours or leave me,”
if you do not agree with what I say, will you leave me?
You drank the poison as if it were nectar to save the gods.
O king of everlasting Utharakosamangai.
you are the remedy for those who were born on this earth and suffer.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me. [122]

19. The fire of your grace has destroyed the forest of my bad karma.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
Remove all my births and make me yours.
O king of Utharakosamangai,
when you killed the cruel elephant to wear its skin
you frightened your wife who is beautiful as a creeper. [123]

20. O beautiful lord,
I wander and suffer like a creeper that has no branch to support it.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You are in the highest place
where even the gods in the sky cannot reach you.
O king of everlasting Utharakosamangai,
you are the sky, earth, fire, wind and water. [124]

21. My father, my five senses make me suffer
like a small piece of straw beneath fighting elephants.
I have done much bad karma.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O shining lord, you stay in my mind
as sweet as honey, milk, sugarcane juice and nectar
and you melt my flesh and bones. [125]

22. O bright lord, you wear divine white ashes,
and shine with light.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You are close to your true devotees
but hard for others to know.
You are ancient, a female, male and ali. [126]

23. I enjoy the pleasures of this world,
do many things that are wrong,
and love vain things. I am your slave—
release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
There is no one except you to help me.
I have suffered and now I understand
that you are the best thing in my life.
You are my only help.

Now I understand that you are my only help. [127]

24. I do wrong things when there are many good things I could do.
I am not pure like a flourishing field.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me,
you who wear the skin of a long-trunked elephant.
My five senses make my body suffer
as if ants were swarming around a pot of ghee.
They do not allow me to come to you. [128]

25. I suffer, caught in the enjoyments of five senses
as if I were a worm struggling as ants swarm over it.
I am alone and have no refuge.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You crushed cruel Yama with your lotus feet
and you gave the devotees who worshipped your feet
the highest position of the gods in the sky—
they will never leave your feet. [129]

26. Separated from you I am like a small fish
that suffers in a large pond whose water has dried up.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
The white crescent moon in your jata
floats before the flooding water of the Ganges
like a small boat floating in the valley of a mountain.
You, a precious jewel adorned with jata, stay in the sky. [130]

27. I fell into the breasts that were like ornamented hills
of women with shining teeth.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You made me who cry and shiver for you

join with your devotees.

O precious jewel, you showed me your divine feet. [131]

28. My five senses confuse me so much that I walk on a false path.

Take me away from my wrong path and my sufferings. Don't leave me.

You drank the poison that came out of the milky ocean

as the people of the earth and the gods in the sky were frightened.

O lord, ocean of compassion, I, your slave, suffer.

You made me yours. You are the god of our family. [132]

29. You made me leave my family and removed all my faults.

O victorious lord, you bent Himalaya mountain for your bow.

Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.

O father with a kondrai garland that shines like lightning,

your body is as beautiful as a lotus and no one can compare with you.

I suffer with the pain my five senses give me

as if they were a stick churning yogurt. [133]

30. You wear a white garland.

Your head is adorned with buds on twigs

and you wear a long garland of skulls,

sandal paste with fragrant water

and a victorious vetchi garland.

My five senses hurt me like fire

and I suffer like cool yogurt churned by a churning stick.

I shiver—release me from my troubles, do not leave me. [134]

31. You wear on your neck a snake,

and you are sky, wind, earth and fire.

O magic one, release me from my troubles, do not leave me.

You are white, black and green with a red body,

you who conquered the strong elephant. [135]

32. I am destroyed by my five senses
that are like strong elephants.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O shining precious jewel,
except for your devotees others cannot join you.
O lord, bright precious jewel with a dark throat,
you turned the fire-like poison
that came out of the ocean into nectar. [136]

33. You are an ocean of compassion.
I did whatever I wanted and enjoyed life.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You are the king of everlasting Utharakosamangai,
the sweetness of branches, a jewel, nectar, a flood of honey. [137]

34. I have not come leaving this happy world to join you
and to worship your ornamented feet.
O king of Utharakosamangai
ornamented with shining anklets brighter than many lamps,
you are easy to attain.
You made me yours, you are my father.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me. [138]

35. You, the highest lord, even accept the faults I have done,
treating me like all your other dear devotees.
O lord Haran, release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
You wear in your jata the moon marked with a rabbit
and you wear a snake on your head.
My future births hurt me like a five-headed snake.

I have no refuge. I am afraid — save me. [139]

36. O lord, the king of the sky, your jata swarms with bees
and is decorated with a beautiful garland of mandaram flowers
dripping with honey and spreading fragrance.
My five senses catch me and make me suffer
as if they were a smoking fire in a hole in a tree.
Do not leave me, save me. [140]

37. O king, I am an innocent small person—
tell me not to be afraid of the mistakes that I have made.
Release me from my troubles, do not leave me.
O lord with fragrant jata, beloved of the goddess Lakshmi
who has white teeth, dark eyes and golden feet
and came out of the milky ocean rolling with waves,
my bad karma attacks me as if many mountains were crashing together. [141]

38. I am separated from you
because my five senses made me so,
and I am unable to leave beautiful women who speak sweetly.
Do not leave me with them and save me.
O bright light, king of the burning ground,
nectar for your devotees,
it is hard to reach you and I am alone.
Remove my loneliness—you are my only help. [142]

39. I ignored you, my only help,
and, leading a prideful my life, collected bad karma.
Remove my troubles and do not leave me,
O the companion of my heart.
I have done bad karma.

You are the only help for my life,
my treasure when I have nothing.
I cannot bear my troubles even if they are small,
but my body is a net of troubles. [143]

40. I was caught by the glances of women,
was fascinated with them and wandered about.
Do not leave me, come to save me.
O lord, with beautiful jata ornamented with the white crescent moon,
ocean of compassion, king of Kailasa mountain,
beloved of the daughter of Himalayas,
you are the origin of my life. [144]

41. I am caught by my desire for women
who have red mouths like crocodiles and I suffer.
Release me from my trouble.
I cannot bear my sick body that stinks.
O lord Shiva, I this right, is this right?
You share your body with your young wife
whose freckled breasts are ornamented with jewelry.
You are my refuge. [145]

42. Even though, as a refuge,
you showed this slave your ornamented feet to worship,
I am not able to leave this body.
Do not leave me, O king.
The crescent moon in your hair was afraid of the snake,
plunged into the high water of Ganges and hid. [146]

43. You are king and I am an ignorant little one.
You my joy—do not leave me.

You taught the true Vedas and cannot be described by words.
You appeared before your devotees who do not leave you.
O ancient lord, you are the future of all and of the world. [147]

44. O lord, I melt like the butter in fire
with desire for women with sharp spear-like eyes.
Do not leave me.
Let me join your devotees in the sky
who worship your fragrant lotus feet.
I bow to you. I have done many wrong things.
Do not leave me—you have made me yours
and I sing your praise. [148]

45. I have not sung your praise or worshiped you.
You are my diamond
but you have not revealed yourself to me
and I have not left this body.
Do not leave me.
I am not surprised that I have not seen you.
I have not cried for you or run searching for you asking,
"Where is Shiva? Who has seen him?"
My body does not melt and I struggle to find you. [149]

46. I am like a bee that longs for sweet jackfruit
as I desire the breasts of women with doe-like eyes.
Do not leave me.
If you do not help me, I will blame you and say,
"You with a throat dark as a cloud are not good, you are not smart.
Your jata is adorned with a waning crescent moon
yet you beg for food with a skeleton stuck to your hand." [150]

47. I saw your faultless devotees fall at your feet and worship you
and when I saw them I mocked them and stood there.
Do not leave me.
The Ganges flows with mandaram flowers,
white pearls and conches in your jata,
and the crescent moon floats on its water,
O lord adorned with a kondrai garland. [151]

48. The Ganges flows in your jata
with the moon as its ornament and the stars its garlands.
Do not leave me. If you do, good devotees may ask,
"Who is this devotee?" I will answer them and say,
"I am a devotee of the beloved devotees of the king of Utharakosamangai,"
and they will all mock you.[152]

49. If you do not forgive my faults, if you make me suffer,
I will tell people all my faults are only because of you, the Esan.
Do not leave me. If you leave me I will scold you and say,
"He is the lord who peeled off the skin of an elephant and wears it.
He is a crazy beggar who drank poison to save the gods.
He is a crazy dancer who dances in the burning ground.
He is crazy and he has made me his." [153]

50. Whether I scold you or praise you,
I worry that it is all my fault and suffer.
Do not leave me.
You who shine like a red coral mountain have made me yours
and give me, a small person, your compassion.
You drank poison that came out of the milky ocean.
I want to join you and drink that nectar. [154]
Subham

Part II. Dancing for the Dancer of Thillai

7. Thiruvempavai: Sattiyai Viyanthathu [155-174] The divine nonbu worship of girls: they wake up their friends to bathe and worship the Lord
8. Thiruvammanai: Anantha Kalippu [175-194] Girls play with wooden balls and praise the Lord
9. Thirupporcunnam: Anantha Manolayam [195-214] Girls pound golden powder for the lord's bath and praise him
10. Thirukkothumbi: Civanodu Aikkiyam [215-234] A girl (the soul) asks a bee to go to the Lord, asking him to come to her
11. Thiruthellenam: Civanodu Adaivu [235-254] Girls clap their hands, sing and dance praising the Lord
12. Thiruchazal Civanudaiya Karuniyam [255-274] One girl criticizes the Lord and another responds praising him
13. Thiruppuvalli: Maya Vicayam Nikkuthal [275-294] Girls pluck flowers for garlands for the lord and praise him
14. Thiruvundiyar: Nyana Vetri [295-314] Two girls play the game of undi and praise the Lord
15. Thiruthol Nokkam: Pirapanca Cutti [315-328] Girls in a circle hold each other's shoulders and praise the Lord
16. Thiruppon Usal: Arut Cutti 329-337] Girls swing and praise the lord
17. Annaippathu: Athuma Puranam [338-347] A girl speaks to her mother and the Lord
18. Kuyil Pathu: Athuma Irakkam [348-357] A girl asks a cuckoo bird to go to the lord and ask him to come to her
19. Thiruthasangam: Adimai Konda Muraimai [358-367] A girl asks a parrot to praise the ten parts of the Lord
20. Thiruppalli Ezhuchi: Tirotana Cutti [368-377] Waking up the Lord

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7. Thiruvempavai

1. He is the wonderful light without beginning or end.
O my friend with eyes sharp as swords,
do you hear me singing the praise of the lord?
You are sleeping.
Are your ears closed so you cannot hear
people singing the praise of the great lord on the street?
You hear it, sigh and sigh and forget yourself,
roll on your bed, covered with flowers,
and you don't get up or do anything.
What is this! What is this!
Do you sleep like this always? eeloor empaavaay. [155]

2. You say all your love is for the lord, the highest light,
and speak of him night and day.
Do you love this bed covered with blossoms?
You and your friends are ornamented with lovely jewels!
Chi, chi, is this the way you play and mock the lord?
Even the gods in the sky feel shy to praise the lotus feet
of our bright lord, the god of heaven, and the giver of grace.
We are the beloved devotees of Isan,
the dancer in the golden hall in Thillai, aareloor empaavaay. [156]

3. Her friends say,
"O young one, you smile beautifully with your pearl-like teeth.
When you get up early, your heart melts for the lord
and you say sweetly, 'He is the lord, the joy, sweet as nectar!'
Come and open your door."
The sleeping girl says, "O devotees of the lord,
you are the ancient servants of the lord and you are good.

I love the lord as you do. Won't you forgive my faults and accept me?”
Her friends say,
“Do you think we don’t know, you are pretending?
Do you think we don’t praise lord Shiva?
We really deserve this!” eel oor empavaay. [157]

4. Your teeth shine like bright pearls
and you speak sweetly like a parrot.
We tell you everything we know about the lord.
Do not sleep and waste time.
The lord of the sky, the remedy for all,
the wonderful meaning of the Vedas,
is sweet to the eyes.
Without you, our hearts do not melt for him,
we cannot sing the praise of the lord
and do not know how to praise him.
Come and help us. Let us praise the lord.
Don’t sleep any more. Wake up, eeloor embaavaay. [158]

5. O girl with fragrant hair,
come and open the door.
Your speech is as sweet as milk and honey! You lie and say that you know the mountain-like lord
even Thirumal and Brahma could not find.
This is just a joke!
Even though the world, the sky or anything else cannot know him,
he presents himself to us and gives us his grace.
We loudly sing his praise and his wonderful qualities and say, “Shiva, Shiva!”
but you do not wake up, you do not wake up,
parisiloor embaavaay. [159]

6. O girl, lovely as a doe. I told you yesterday
that I would come and wake you up,
but you went away without telling me where you were going.
Aren't you ashamed? See, it is dawn.
The lord whom the sky, the earth and all other things do not know,
the king of you, of us and all others,
comes, gives us his grace and protects us.
We come singing the wonderful praise of the ornamented feet of the lord,
but you do not open your mouth,
you do not melt in your heart and worship him. Sing his praise and worship him, eeloor embaavaay.. [160]

7. O dear one, you say only a few words to praise him.
He, the most famous one, is not known by all the gods.
Open your mouth and say, “Shiva”
and we will tell his wonderful qualities to you.
Even before we say, “The lord of the south,”
you melt like wax in fire. Listen as we all say,
“He is our chief, our king and our sweet nectar.”
But you, as if you were hard-hearted, do not hear,
you just lie and sleep here and there without saying anything.
How could you sleep like this? parisiloor embaavaay. [161]

8. The cock crows, the sparrows sing, the sound of the white conches spreads beautifully everywhere.
We praise him saying,
“He is faultless light, he is pure and he shows us compassion.”
Don't you hear? May you prosper!
How can you sleep like this? Open your mouth.
Is this the way you love the lord of the oceans?
Sing the praise of the ancient lord of uzhi, the friend of the poor.

Sing his praise, eeloor embaavaay. [162]

9. O lord, you are the ancient of the ancient,
the creator of past things
and of all things that will arise in future.
We, your devotees, have the fortune of having you as our lord.
We will bow to the feet of your devotees and be their dear friends.
We will do anything they ask us and make them happy. O our king, if you give us this boon we will have no troubles,
eeloor embaavaay. [163]

10. The lord is the meaning of all things.
Thirumal could not find his lotus feet
even though he went beneath the seven underworlds
and Brahma could not find his head
even though he flew to the top of the sky.
His divine body is not one, it is shared with his wife, innocent Shakti.
Even the gods in the sky, the Vedas, the earth,
his friend Sundarar, faultless kings and priests in the temples,
do not have enough words to praise him.
Where does he come from?
What is his name?
Who are his friends?
Who are his enemies?
How could we praise him?
parisiloor empaavaay. [164]

11. O lord, we plunged into the large ponds swarmed with bees,
splashing with our hands again and again
and praising your ornamented feet.
O dear one, you are smeared with pure white ashes,

and you are the beloved of lovely Shakti
whose eyes are decorated with kohl.
We, your devotees for many generations,
have played as you wanted us to
and now we are tired. Protect us, eeloor empaavaay. [165]

12. The dancer of the beautiful hall in Thillai
creates, protects and destroys all the worlds
and removes births that give suffering.
O girls, let us play, talk with each other
and plunge into the pond filled with blossoming flowers
as our bangles jingle and our anklets rattle
while bees swarm around our beautiful hair.
Let us praise his golden feet and bathe in the mountain spring,
eeloor empaavaay. [166]

13. The lovely kuvalai flowers bloom
and the red lotuses open their buds,
looking like our goddess and the lord joined together in love.
The kurugu birds sing and their sound spreads everywhere.
O devotees, come, let us bathe in the pond
filled with water where lotus buds bloom
and plunge and plunge into it.
As we bathe in the bubbling water
our conch bangles jingle and our breasts swing.
Let us plunge and bathe in the pond,
eeloor empaavaay. [167]

14. When we plunge into the water to bathe
our earrings swing, our golden ornaments sway,
and our hair decorated with garlands comes loose,

as the swarming bees sing around our hair.
Let us bathe in the cool water and praise Thillai,
Thiruchitrambalam, the hall where he dances.
Let us sing the Vedas and praise the lord of the Vedas,
the ancient, bright lord, without beginning or end,
adorned with kondrai garlands.
Let us praise the feet of our goddess ornamented with jingling bangles,
who gave us birth and raised us to be her devotees,
eeloor empaavaay. [168]

15. O girls, our friend says
as our lord raises his beautiful left foot and dances
his right leg stays firmly on the earth.
Her heart feels joy when she thinks of him,
her eyes shed unceasing tears,
she falls to the ground and worships him,
and she will not worship any other gods in the sky.
She is crazy only for the lord, our king.
We do not know how the skilled lord
could have made her love him so. Who is he?
O girls with bands and ornaments on your breasts,
let us plunge into the pond blooming with lovely flowers and play,
eeloor empaavaay. [169]

16. O cloud, you take the water from the ocean
and rise to the sky, looking like the goddess Uma,
shine with lightning like her small waist,
and sound like the golden anklets on her feet.
She, the goddess with eyebrows like bows, rules us
and she is never separated from her beloved Shiva.
O cloud, you pour like the sweet grace that she gives

to the devotees of our king Shiva, eeloor empaavaay. [170]

17. O girl, bees swarm around your dark hair!
The lord gives us incomparable joy
that he does not give even to Thirumal, Brahma or other gods
and comes to our home and gives us his grace
so we may worship his lovely golden lotus feet.
Let us, his devotees, praise our lord, the lovely-eyed king, sweet as nectar,
so our lives may prosper.
Let us plunge into the bubbling water where lotuses bloom
and sing the praise of our lord.
eeloor empaavaay. [171]

18. When the gods in the sky
bow and worship the lotus feet of the lord of the Annamalai hills
as the jewels on their crowns lose their luster,
it is as when the sun, the eye of the world, rises,
and the dark clouds in the sky disappear
and the shining stars lose their brightness and hide.
He is precious as nectar, the bright sky, the earth,
all other things, a man, woman and ali.
O girls, let us sing and praise his ornamented feet
and plunge into the water and play,
eeloor empaavaay. [172]

19. “We give our child in the hands of the lord for he is our refuge”—
such is the saying, but we are afraid it may not be true.
O lord, we need to tell you something, listen!
May our breasts not embrace the arms of anyone but your devotees,
may our hands not serve anyone but you,
and may our eyes see nothing in the day or night but you.

O king, if you give us this boon here and now, why should we worry
about whether the beautiful sun rises or when it rises or where.
Let us plunge into the water and play,
eeloor empaavaay. [173]

20. Let us worship the ancient lord and his lotus feet
adorned with beautiful golden anklets
that give birth and joy and moksha to all creatures.
Let us praise his lotus feet and head
which Thirumal and Brahma could not find.
Let us worship his golden lotus feet
that give us grace and make us his.
Let us plunge into the water, bathe in the pond and play,
praising our lord in the month of Markazhi,
eeloor empaavaay. [174]

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8. Thiruvammanai

1. Let us worship the blooming lotus feet
of the god of the southern land in Perundurai
surrounded with thick coconut groves.
The lovely-eyed Thirumal could not find the lord's feet
even though he went underground and split open the earth,
yet the divine lord comes to the earth
to give his grace to destroy the births of his devotees.
The virtuous lovely-eyed lord
disguised as a Brahmin came to the earth
and gave moksha to all his devotees.
Let us worship and praise his compassionate ornamented feet.
Let us play ammaanai. [175]

2. The lord, sweet as nectar, entered my heart and gave me his grace.

He could not be seen on the earth or in the sky by the gods
or by those in the underworld,
or by in any world outside of these three worlds,
yet the generous lord of Thirupperundurai in the southern land
made me crazy for him, destroyed my future births,
and made himself easy for me to see.
He took the form of a fisherman and married a woman he loved.
Let us praise him and play ammaanai. [176]

3. As Indra, Thirumal, Brahma and all the other gods waited to see him in the sky,
Shiva, the lord of famous Thirupperundurai, came riding a horse to the earth,
his arms smeared with sacred ashes,
spreading his light everywhere.
He enters the hearts of all and melts them,
and removes his devotees' desires for the world.
Let us sing the praise of the endless joy that he gives us,
Let us sing Ammaanai songs. [177]

4. Even when Thirumal, Brahma, Indra and all the other gods in the sky did tapas,
making their bodies weak and becoming covered in mud,
that they could not see you,
yet you came to me, lower than a dog,
and gave your grace to me as a mother cares for a child.
When I see your beautiful bright anklets
sweeter than honey mixed with nectar
all the hairs on my body stand on end
and I breath hard in wonder.
Let us sing the lovely anklets praised by all the gods
and play ammanai. [178]

5. I am a poor dog and my heart is harder than a stone.

The omnipotent god of Perundurai in the southern country,
the lord of the Vedas and destroyer of my karma,
melted my stone heart, made it like a soft fruit,
made me plunge into the flood of his compassion,
and made me crazy for him.
He rides a swift bull and dances in the hall in Thillai.
Let us sing ammaanai and praise him. [179]

6. O friend, did you hear how he played?
The lord of Thirupperundurai surrounded with strong walls by the ocean
showed us his lotus feet, his compassion sweet as honey,
and everything that we could never seen before.
People make fun of me and say I am not fit to receive moksha,
but he took me to his home and made me his slave.
Let us sing and play ammanai. [180]

7. Even though he, the servant of his devotees,
abides in the hearts of those who think of him always, he is far.
He, the highest lord, the lord of the Vedas,
the god of Thirupperundurai in the southern land,
our mother, the true philosopher,
himself all the seven worlds,
who shares half of his body with his wife,
took me, a dog, and gave me his grace.
Let us sing and praise him and play ammanai. [181]

8. He, the great lord of Thirupperundurai,
the Esan of this wide world who shares half of his body with his wife,
gives presents to poets for their wonderful songs
and his fame rises above the sky.
When the god of flourishing Madurai city

carried sand for a wage for Pittu from Vandi
and was beaten by the king of the Pandya country,
and his golden body suffered and was wounded,
all the people of Madurai were wounded at the same time.
Let us sing his praise and play ammaanai. [182]

9. The ancient lord of the world,
the god of Thirupperundurai, the meaning of the Vedas,
the bull rider, the bearer of crescent moon,
with a dark neck and red body smeared with white ashes,
adorned with a sacred thread,
gives endless joy and grace to his dear devotees.
Let us sing his praise, enthralling the world that hears us.
Let us play ammaanai. [183]

10. The god of the Vedas, the highest of the gods in the sky,
the excellence of the kings of the earth,
the beloved of Shakti,
the lord of the Pandya country that gave excellent Tamil to the world,
the god of Thiruvannamalai, showed his divine feet
adorned with beautiful sounding anklets to me,
a dog, and made me his.
Let us sing his praise and play Ammaanai. [184]

11. The lord of the southern country
shares half of his body with his beloved wife Uma,
the goddess with beautiful breasts.
The hearts of his devotees melt
when they worship his feet without fail.
He changed the Pandya country into his Kailasa.
Our father, the bearer of crescent moon and the flowing Ganges,

stays in the hearts of his devotees, their refuge,
and abides above the sky.
Let us sing his praise and play Ammaanai. [185]

12. Listen, O friend with eyes decorated with kohl,
Thirumal, Brahma and Indra searched for him all their lives
but could not find him,
yet in this birth itself he took me as his devotee and made me his
and protected me so that I will not be born again.
The omnipresent lord is the truth,
all things that appear to our eyes,
and the refuge of all that live
as he takes all creatures to his moksha.
Let us praise and sing our lord Shiva
and play ammaanai. [186]

13. O friends, the bangles on your hands jingle,
your earrings dance and your thick hair sways
as the bees drinking honey swarm around it.
No one knows where the lord is with his red-colored body
smeared with white ashes, but that omnipresent one,
the lord of the Vedas, presents himself to his beloved devotees,
while if someone does not love him,
he will not give his grace to him.
Let us praise and sing ammaanai for the god of Aiyaaru. [187]

14. I was born and died as an elephant, a poor worm, a human, a god
and all other creatures, and I am tired of it.
My lord, my majestic king as sweet as honey, milk and sugarcane juice,
came to me, melted my body, destroyed my karma
and took me as his servant and gave me his grace.

Let us sing and praise the beautiful feet of the lord of the sky and play ammaanai. [188]

15. The lord of Perundurai in the Southern country
surrounded with beautiful blooming groves
made the moon wane and gave it his grace to grow again.
At the sacrifice of Daksha, he crushed Indra's arms, cut off Echan's head,
he broke the teeth of the bright Sun that spreads his bright rays and wanders in the sky,
and fought with many gods, making them run away from the battlefield.
Let us praise and sing his mandara flower garland and play ammaanai. [189]

16. The lord, decorated with a konrai flower garland dripping with honey,
the servant of his devotees,
a bright light of matchless knowledge,
and the king of the countless creatures of the earth,
is my body, my life, my feelings.
Sweet as honey, nectar and jaggery, he entered my heart
and showed me a way that even the gods in the sky do not know.
Let us praise the lord and sing ammanai. [190]

17. I wear a flourishing konrai garland
and embrace the beautiful arms of the lord.
I am melting to taste the mouth of the lord
and my heart is yearning and searching for him.
I think only of his feet, and I wither away
as I think of the lord who carries fire in his hand and dances in Thillai.
Let us sing and praise his divine feet and play ammaanai. [191]

18. The god of lovely Thirupperundurai
who shares his bright body with his wife Uma
whose words are soft as a parrot's
is crafty and could not be found by Brahma or the pure Thirumal.

He, sweet and clear as honey, disguised as a Brahmin,
came down with compassion,
gave me his divine matchless grace,
entered my heart and made it bright.
Let us praise him and sing ammaanai. [192]

19. He, the most ancient of the three gods,
the future of all,
the king of Perundurai, with matted locks on his head,
the god of the gods who shares half of his body with his wife,
protects the southern Pandya country
and is sweet nectar for those who praise him saying,
“You are my lord and our father.”
Let us praise him and sing ammaanai. [193]

20. No one knows the great lord of Thiruperundurai
who came on a horse and gave his grace to his devotees,
taking away all their faults and accepting their goodness.
If we praise his ancient fame,
he will remove our desire for the world.
Let us feel joy, praise him and sing ammaanai. [194]

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9. Thirupporcunnam

1. O girls! Adorn your front doors with flowers and hang pearl garlands.
Place mulaikkudams everywhere.
Decorate your houses with beautiful lamps and pots of fragrance.
Join with Indrani, Lakshmi, Parvathi, and Saraswathi and sing Pallaandu for the god.
Join with Siddhi, Gauri, Parvathi and Ganga and fan the lord.
Let us dance and sing the praise of our lord, the god of Aiyaru
and pound the pure golden powder to bathe and adorn his body. [195]

2. O girls with lovely eyes like split mangoes,
we need to pound divine golden powder
for our lord whose long jata is adorned with blossoms.
Come, sing and pound the powder.
Call the devotees and ask them to join us, to dance and worship the lord.
Our king, the dancer, made us his.
May he come with his wife and give us his grace.
Let us pound the golden powder to bathe and adorn his body. [196]

3. O girls, let us decorate our bodies with beautiful ashes,
clean the floor and sprinkle pure golden powder,
place branches of the karpaga tree all over,
bringing them from Indra's world,
and place bright lamps around and raise flags.
He is the beloved of Uma, the lord of Indra, the king of the gods,
the lord of Brahma and Thirumal, bearer of the discus,
and the father of strong Murugan, who carries a spear.
Let us pound golden powder for the beloved of the goddess Uma. [197]

4. Decorate the mortar with gold coins and flowering branches,
put silk garments around it
and praise the devotees of Shiva that they may live happily forever.
Let us praise the pure golden temple of the lord Ekamban of Kacci,
praised by all the lands of the world,
and let us ask him to remove our desires for the world.
Let us sing and pound the golden powder to bathe and adorn his body. [198]

5. O girls, you smile with your pearl-like teeth.
Brahma and Thirumal bring arugu grass to worship the lord,
but other gods are jealous of them and murmur,

“We will worship our lord with arugu grass before Brahma and Thirumal.”
Let us sing the praise of the pure golden temple of lord Ekambara,
bearer of the bow that destroyed the three forts of his enemies.
Let us pound the golden powder to bathe and adorn his body. [199]

6. When many women raise their pestles to pound the golden powder,
devotees come and stand in front of them and say that all the places on the earth
are not enough for the devotees wishing to pound the powder.
Let us sing and praise the son-in-law of the Himalayas
and worship his feet sprinkling fresh flowers on them.
Let us happily pound the golden powder to bathe and adorn his body. [200]

7. Let the bracelets on our arms sing,
let the crowd of devotees come and praise the lord with loud voices,
and let all the people of the land come and join them to praise him.
We will join them and praise the lord,
our king, as majestic as golden Himalya mountain, the highest god,
the beloved of the goddess Uma with soft feet, decorated with ornaments.
Let us pound the golden powder for his body and sing his praise. [201]

8. O girls with lovely sword-like eyes,
let your bracelets sing with music and your breasts dance
and your arms swing keeping time.
Let us praise the shining god,
worship his feet and decorate them with fresh blossoms.
O lord, we are lower than dogs yet you took us as your devotees.
Let us sing his praise and pound the golden powder for his body. [202]

9. Let this whole world be our mortar
and the great mountain Meru be our pestle.
We will use the turmeric that is the truth to decorate the lord

of the southern country where the Vaigai river flows.
Let us praise the divine feet of the lord, the dancer in rich Thillai.
Let us take the pure golden pestle in our right hands,
pound the golden powder for the lord of beautiful Thillai and bathe him. [203]

10. Our breasts, decorated with pearls, dance
as bees swarm around our curly hair and sing,
our hearts think of Shiva and dance,
and our lovely fish-shaped eyes dance, shedding tears.
Entranced by our lord we dance.
Let us and all born in the world dance for the lord.
We sing and praise the compassion of the lord and dance.
Let us pound the golden powder and dance. [204]

11. Our even teeth shine like the moon,
our coral mouths throb with singing.
Let us sing of how he protects us
and how he has made us serve him.
Let us search for the lord everywhere
and our hearts will feel joy
and we will be amazed when we know him.
Let us dance praising the dancer of Thillai
and let us pound the golden powder. [205]

12. The lord of the sky with beautiful eyes,
the remedy for all sicknesses of his devotees,
the god of gods, dancer in the hall of Thillai
studded with diamonds and rubies,
made us his and we became dear to him.
He is false for those who think he is false
but he is true for those who think he is true.

O girls ornamented with golden bracelets,
with lotus eyes and waists as thin as snakes,
let us pound the golden powder and sing his praise. [206]

13. O girls with soft and musical words,
you have pearl-like teeth, dark eyes and coral mouths,
and your waists are like lightening.
Our lord, the beloved of the daughter of the Himalayas,
as sweet as nectar for us,
is our son, our father, and brother—let us praise his feet.
O girls with breasts ornamented by golden ornaments,
let us pound the golden powder and sing his praise. [207]

14. O girls decorated with lovely ornaments,
the conches on your necklaces sing,
the anklets on your feet sing,
the garlands on your long hair sway
and your sweet mouths and lips throb.
Let us sing the praise of Shiva's world.
Let us sing the praise of the god with matted locks
where the snake moves and Ganges flows musically.
Let us praise him with love and pound the golden powder. [208]

15. Our lord, the clear sugarcane juice of wisdom,
the goodness of all the people of the world,
the sweetness of honey and fruit,
our king, enters our minds and makes them sweet
and removes our birth.
Let us praise the lord, the dancer, singing.
O girls with thick sweet eyes,
let us pound the golden powder singing his praise. [209]

16. Let us sing how he, the bull rider
carrying a banner with the sign of a bull,
conquered the three forts of his enemies,
and how he comes to his devotees and gives his grace,
and showed his beautiful lotus feet
that the gods in the sky have never seen even in their dreams.
Let us sing and sing the names of the lord, the servant of his devotees,
and pound the shining golden powder. [210]

17. Let us praise his kondrai garland dripping with honey,
let us praise his abode,
let us praise the crescent moon on his head that shines in the sky,
let us praise the white bull on which he rides,
let us praise the trident in his hand that is smeared with flesh
and sing how he save the gods and the people of the earth
by drinking poison as if it were sweet.
Let us praise him and pound the golden powder to bathe him. [211]

18. He removed the head of Brahma and played with it—let us praise him.
He broke Surya's teeth—let us praise him.
He killed the elephant and used it as his cloak—let us praise his heroism.
He kicked Yama with his foot—let us praise him.
He destroyed the three forts of the Rakshasas—let us praise him.
He accepted me, a poor one, as his devotee—let us praise him.
Let us dance and dance and pound the golden powder to bathe the lord. [212]

19. Let us praise the kondrai garland that he wears.
Let us praise the umatham garland that he wears on his head.
Let us sing and praise the crescent moon in his hair.
Let us praise southern Thillai where the Siddhas live.

Let us praise our precious lord, the dancer of Thillai.
Let us praise the snake ornament that he ties on his waist.
Let us praise the bracelets on his arms.
Let us pound the golden powder for the lord's bath. [213]

20. He, the Vedas and the sacrifices,
truth and falsehood, light and darkness, sorrow and joy,
the god of the whole world,
kin to the people of the world,
the beginning and end of the world,
who shares half of his body with his wife
gives moksha to his devotees.
Let us pound the golden powder for his bath. [214]

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10. Thirukkothumbi

1. O king of bees!
Brahma, seated on a lotus, Indra, the king of the gods,
the beautiful Saraswathi, the goddess abiding on the tongues of all,
Thirumal, the four Vedas, the bright Rudra, bull rider,
and all other gods do not know the divine feet of the lord.
O bee, fly, hover and worship the divine feet of the lord. [215]

2. O king of bees!
Who am I? What is my mind?
What is my wisdom?
If the god of gods does not rule me and understand me,
who can help me to understand myself?
When Shiva, the dancer in the hall in Thillai,
pinched off the head of Brahma in anger
and was cursed by Brahma, he carried the skull

and had to beg for food to remove his curse.
O king of bees, fly to the lovely lotus feet
of the god sweet as honey, hover and worship him. [216]

3. O king of bees! Do not fly around
and drink just a small amount of honey from one flower to another.
Your bones melt whenever you think, see or speak of the lord,
the dancer in Thillai, and honey-like joy drips in your heart.
Fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [217]

4. Even though he, my matchless father, understands
that I do not love him as much as Kaṇṇappaṉ did,
he took me as his devotee and gave his grace to me, an unworthy one,
made me his servant and called me to come to him.
How can I pay him back for his great compassion?
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship
the golden feet of Shiva, decorated with divine ashes. [218]

5. On this earth, people chatter saying,
“That one is my god, this one is my god,” and worship false gods.
I found the true god, the god of gods, and hold to him
and he will remove all my desires for this world.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [219]

6. In this crazy world people think the wealth they have saved,
their wives, children, family and education are real.
He, the magic worker, removed this confusion in my mind
and released me from birth and death.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [220]

7. If I think of Sankara even for a moment,

he becomes nectar in my heart,
and if I forget him I will be destroyed.
I do not want to know anyone
if he is a sinner and does not want to worship
the divine faultless feet of the lord,
the highest Siddha of the Siddhas.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [221]

8. He, the great lord, everlasting wealth,
the father of my father and mother,
gave me birth, raised me in this world
and made me like a branch of his tree.
I am a dog yet he seated me on a throne.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [222]

9. The dark-throated lord spans awareness.
I approached him, worshiped his feet,
and he, the ocean of compassion,
removed the delusion of my birth and death.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [223]

10. I was born on this earth, became sick and old
and like a dog lived here as if I were a motherless calf.
The precious lord filled with abundant compassion
came to me like my mother,
released me from all the desires of the world
and gave me his grace.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [224]

11. The dancer in the hall of beautiful Thillai
where swans swim in the ponds

does not think that I have a heart of stone
or that I am a thief or have an evil mind.
He melted my stone-like heart
and gave me his compassionate grace.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [225]

12. I am a dog but the lord makes me sing and praise his feet.
I am a devil, but he, my mother,
the god of compassion, forgives all my faults
and accepts my service willingly and makes me his.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [226]

13. He and I know that I did not feel love for him,
yet everyone knows that he came and lovingly took me as his devotee.
O king of bees, ask my king to take care of me
and fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [227]

14. He is the womb of the earth
and he is everything other than the earth,
but he came to this earth with his lovely wife Uma,
her hair decorated with fragrant flowers,
took the form of a Brahmin reciting the Vedas
and gave me his grace.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [228]

15. If the lord with long jaṭā does not come with his wife
and give me his grace, what will become of me and my mind?
O king of bees, fly and worship the divine feet of the lord
adorned with flowers that drip with honey
who is the sky, the directions and the large ocean. [229]

16. No one can know the divine form
of the faultless lord, a flood of grace for all his devotees,
yet his compassion gives happiness to all.
O king of bees, he made me his.
Fly, hover and worship his divine feet. [230]

17. I thought the wealth in the world is true
and as I plunged into it, I felt every day that I live is true.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship his feet as lovely as fresh flowers
and say, “You, dancer in Thillai and my dear life, you made me yours.” [231]

18. Wearing a garment of tiger skin and lovely earrings,
smeared with divine ashes, white as pure milk,
decorated with fragrant sandalwood and many bracelets,
the lord, the trident holder with a green parrot in his hand,
sharing his body with his beloved wife, presents himself to all.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship the divine feet of the lord. [232]

19. The generous lord does not think of me as a thief
or a cruel person or someone of low status
and he stays in my mind and removes all the sorrows of my heart.
O king of bees, fly hover and worship the lord’s divine ankleted feet. [233]

20. Even though Brahma on the lotus and Thirumal
could not find the god’s feet and head and were disappointed,
he changed me, his slave, made me proud,
seated this dog on a throne and considered me worthy.
O king of bees, fly, hover and worship the lord with a body as red as fire. [234]

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11. Thiruthellenam

1. He came as a Brahmin
and made me worship his divine feet that Thirumal could not find
when he went under the earth as a boar.
We sing and clap our hands and give a thousand names
to the lord without name or form.
Let us praise his thousand divine names,
clap our hands and dance the thellenam. [235]

2. After the lord in beautiful Thirupperundurai
removed my birth I have seen no one.
Our highest lord has a form yet is formless.
Let us praise divine Thiruvarur where he stays,
clap our hands and dance the thellenam. [236]

3. When the world hears that the god
who is not known by Thirumal, Brahma and the other gods
came to this earth and made me his, melting my heart
and accepting my service and devotion, won't it laugh?
Let us sing clapping our hands and dance the thellenam. [237]

4. My lord, the bright lamp protects me
and keeps me from falling into sins
like the gods who fall into the enjoyments of the world.
He destroyed all my faults and made me Shivam.
Let us sing clapping our hands and dance the thellenam. [238]

5. My dear lord whom Brahma and Thirumal searched for and could not find
came to this world in human form and removed my karma,
entering my heart with divine compassion.

He gave me his grace and made me his.
Let us sing clapping our hands and dance the thellenam. [239]

6. The highest lord, his waist circled by a snake,
has Uma, the daughter of the king of the Himalayas, as half of his body.
We will dance like the waves
as our lotus eyes drip with tears and our hearts light up.
Let us sing clapping our hands and dance the thellenam. [240]

7. The lord whom Rudra, Indra, Brahma
and all other gods could not find
came to this earth, put his lotus feet on my head,
gave me his grace and made me his.
Let us sing his divine qualities, clap our hands
and dance the thellenam. [241]

8. He removed my good and bad karma
and released me from birth and death and made me his.
My body is like a kite that wanders,
yet the lord took away all my fears and made me his.
I will not forget his ornamented feet that take away sin.
Let us sing clapping our hands and dance the thellenam. [242]

9. O girls with lightning waists, pearl teeth and coral mouths!
Through his compassion our lord made my hard heart melt
as if he were taking fiber from a stone
and made me worship his feet adorned with golden anklets.
Let us praise his fame and dance the thellenam
singing, ‘thennaa, thennaa,’ [243]

10. The gods with beautiful anklets

could not see him even in dreams, yet he came to this earth
with the goddess Uma whose bamboo-like arms are adorned with bracelets
and made me his. Let us love him in our hearts and dance the thellenam
as our spear-like eyes shed tears. [244]

11.The lord who shares his body with the lovely fish-eyed goddess
entered my heart and made me his, and, removing my confusion,
freed me of my bonds to my relatives on this earth.
He made me speak only of him and stopped all my worldly actions.
Let us sing praising him and dance the thellenam. [245]

12. While the sages suffered to receive moksha,
wandering around and searching for the god,
he gave his grace to the elephant and to me.
The lord, the highest divine light,
makes me plunge into his ocean of devotion.
Let us sing his sweet grace and dance the thellenam. [246]

13. He protects me from the trouble
that people of the underworld, the earth and the sky may give
and he makes me his.
He is a great lord no one can understand
even if they sing his praise and dance.
Let us sing sweet songs,
praise him and dance the thellenam. [247]

14. Even Thirumal, Brahma, the other gods
and the shastras cannot know him,
but he came to me, a small person,
his slave, his devotee, entered my heart
and melted it with compassion.

Let us sing and dance the thillenam
as our fish-shaped eyes fill with tears . [248]

15. Let us think of the beautiful ornamented feet of the lord and worship him
who is the large ocean of sweet compassion
from which devotees, their hearts melting, drink in his grace.
Let us praise the king of the flourishing southern country,
sing and dance the thellenam. [249]

16. The lord, my chief, the dancer in the lovely hall in Thillai,
the crazy god of Thirupperundurai
whom the gods, Buddhist monks, Indra, the ancient Brahma and Thirumal
praise and worship removed my birth.
Let us sing how his ornamented feet have entered my heart
and dance the thillenam. [250]

17. We learned false shastras
that made us plunge into the oceans of sorrow and confusion.
Let us sing how he removed the sorrows that those shastras gave
and made us worship his ornamented feet.
Let us praise him and dance the thellenam. [251]

18. Even if the sky, wind, fire, water and the earth are all destroyed
he remains forever.
Even if my body, life, feeling and mind are destroyed,
I will sing and praise the lord who never grows tired
so that my ego will be removed.
Let us dance the thellenam. [252]

19. The first one of the gods in the sky,
the origin of the people of the underworld,

the remedy for all the people of the earth,
a treasure for Brahma and Thirumal,
came and stood before my eyes.
Let us praise his compassionate ornamented feet,
sing “thennaa, thenna” and dance the thellenam. [253]

20. As we dance the thellenam,
we sing and praise his family,
the mandarai garland on his head,
the beautiful bangled goddess Uma,
and his ornamented feet that dance in Thillai
surrounded with sounding water.
Let us praise him for drinking poison to save the gods
and dance the thellenam. [254]

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12. Thiruchazal

1. A girl:
He wears white ashes
and is ornamented with a snake,
yet he recites the Vedas with his divine mouth.
Is that not strange?

Her friend:
What is wrong if he wears ashes,
and is ornamented with a snake?
He is the origin of all creatures. Sazhalo. [255]

2. A girl:
He is our father,
our god, the lord for all, the Esan.

But why is his garment a small lion skin?

Her friend:

The lion skin he wears

is the four divine Vedas

filled with profound meaning.

Can't you see that, friend? Sazhalo [256]

3. A girl:

His temple is the burning ground,

his garment is the skin of a murderous tiger

and he has no father or mother.

He is alone.

Do you see that friend?

Why is he like that? Sazhalo.

Her friend:

He does not have a father or a mother

and he is alone,

but if he grows angry,

the whole world will fall into pieces of stone.

Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [257]

4. A girl:

See, friend, he cursed Brahma, Kama, Yama and the moon

and wounded them all so badly

no one can recognize them.

Why did he do that, friend?

Her friend:

O friend with long hair,

if the three-eyed lord himself punished them
wasn't that a victory for the gods in the sky?
Don't you see that, friend? Sazalo. [258]

5. A girl:
O friend, why did he cut off the heads
of Daksha and Echan
and destroy all the gods
who came to Daksha's sacrifice?

Her friend:
He did not truly destroy all the gods in the sky—
he gave them his grace,
and he gave a sheep's head to Echan.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [259]

6. A girl:
Brahma, god on the lotus,
and Thirumal were not able to find him
when he took the form of fire
and covered heaven and earth.
Why did he do that, friend?

Her friend:
If he had not taken a huge form
spanning the sky and the earth,
the gods would not have given up their pride
and could have thought they are higher than him.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo [260]

7. A girl:

He gave half his body to the daughter of the Himalayas.
Seeing that, another girl, Ganga, became jealous
and took the form of the river that flows in his jata.
Why is this, friend?

Her friend:
If he did not have Ganga flowing in his jata,
all its water would fall on the earth and destroy it.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [261]

8. A girl:
Why did he drink the terrible poison
that came from the roaring milky ocean?

Her friend:
If he had not drunk the poison,
Brahma, Thirumal and all the other gods
would have not survived—
they would have seen moksha.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [262]

9. A girl:
The lord, the dancer in the hall in Thillai,
lover of the southern land,
loved Uma and keeps her as half of his body.
Is he crazy to do such a thing, friend?

Her friend:
If he had not loved Uma,
the karma of the people of the world
would have made them crazy

and they would have done yoga for moksha
but not reached it.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [263]

10. A girl:
He has no beginning or end.
Though I am like a dog I approached him
and he immersed me in a flood of joy.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo.

Her friend:
The gods could not find
the divine feet of the lord
that made you plunge into a flood of joy
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [264]

11. A girl:
O young one, what kind of tapas does he do?
He loves to wear a garland of sinew and bones
and he carries a skeleton on his shoulders.
Why does he do this?

Her friend:
I will tell you how he got his garland.
He wears the bones of Brahma and Thirumal
to show that at the end of the eon
their time is over.
Don't you see that friend? Sazhalo. [265]

12. A girl:
He wears the skin of a forest tiger

and eats his food from a pot that is a skull.
Who would worship him and become his devotee?

Her friend:
Whatever he wears, wherever he lives,
whatever he eats, it doesn't matter.
Brahma, Thirumal and the king of the gods Indra
are his devotees generation after generation.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [266]

13. A girl:
O friend, before the sacrificial fire
our lord married the daughter of the king of the Himalayas,
beautiful as a golden doll or as Lakshmi,
with a forehead that glistens like a sword.
The whole world saw their wedding.
Why is it that, friend?

Her friend:
If he had not married her, the golden woman,
before the sacrificial fire,
the whole world would be confused
as to the meanings of all the arts and books.
Don't you see that, friend? Sazhalo. [267]

14. A girl:
The dancer in the hall of Thillai
surrounded with flourishing fields flowing with honey
went to Thiruvalangadu and danced.
Why did he do that, friend?

Her friend:

If our lord had not gone there and danced,

the whole world would have become food for the goddess Kali

with a spear smeared with flesh.

Don't you see that friend? Sazhalo. [268]

15. A girl:

O friend, even though there are strong elephants,

horses and chariots to ride,

the lord chose a bull as his vehicle and rides on it.

Let me know why he does that. Tell me friend.

Her friend:

At the time when Lord Shiva burned

the three forts of his enemies,

Thirumal took the form of a bull

and carried the lord. That is the reason.

Don't you see, friend? Sazalo. [269]

16. A girl:

Friend, why did the lord stay beneath the banyan tree

and teach the four sages

the inner meaning of the four Vedas?

Her friend:

Even though he stayed in the shadow of the banyan tree

and taught dharma to the sages,

he also destroyed the three forts of his enemies.

Don't you see, friend? Sazalo. [270]

17. A girl:

O friend, he, the dear lord, the dancer in Ambalam,
wanders about carrying a begging pot and begging for food,
yet all the people praise him and say he is god.
Why is that, friend?

Her friend:
Did you ask me whether our friend is the god?
All the four Vedas do not understand that he is the great lord
yet they still praise him saying, “Esa!”
Don't you see, friend? Sazalo. [271]

18. A girl:
O friend, why did the lord
who split open the body of Salandaran with his discus
give that weapon to the good god Thirumal?

Her friend:
The great god Thirumal took his eye
and placed it beneath the feet
of Shiva as a flower and did archana.
That is the reason.
Don't you see, friend? Sazalo. [272]

19. A girl:
O friend, he wears a tiger skin
and drinks poison as his nectar.
What kind of trick is this?
I do not understand.
Explain it to me.

Her friend:

Whatever the lord wears
or whatever he drinks as nectar,
he does not consider his own greatness
but thinks only of his devotees.
Don't you see, friend? Sazalo. [273]

20. A girl:
The lord stayed under a banyan tree
and taught the dharma
of the four Vedas to the sages
so that they could understand it.
Tell me about it.

Her friend:
If he had not taught dharma
to the divine sages at that time,
they might not have realized the nature of the world.
Don't you see, friend? Sazalo. [274]

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13. Thiruppuvalli

1. As soon as the lord,
the boat that helps his devotees cross the ocean of birth,
placed his divine feet on my head,
I left my relatives and friends and stayed alone.
Let us sing the praise of the dancer in the hall in Thillai
and pluck flowers from the vines. [275]

2. The lord of the southern Pandya land
removed my bonds with my father, mother and relatives
and took me as his devotee.

The lord of Thiruvidaimaruthur, as sweet as honey,
entered our hearts and made them his temple.
Let us pluck flowers from the vines and praise him. [276]

3. I am lower than a dog, yet he treated me as someone great.
The compassionate lord loves me more than my mother
and released me from this birth of illusion.
He will take away the results of our karma.
Let us pluck flowers from the vines and praise him. [277]

4. Veerabhadra, the wanderer in the sky,
destroyed Daksha, the sun, Echan,
the moon and Surya, the fiery god,
when they did not worship the king of Thillai.
O friend, let us sing how he destroyed them,
praise our lord and pluck flowers from the vines. [278]

5. Shiva, his jata adorned with kondrai flowers dripping with honey,
took a human form, came to the earth, searched for his devotees
and entered their hearts. Even though I cried
and searched for him, he did not come to me.
Let us pluck flowers from the vines
for the king of the gods in the sky, the dancer of Thillai. [279]

6. Even though he is the feelings of all the creatures of the world,
he is hard for anyone to see or know.
When the three gods made fire for their sacrifice and prayed to him,
he felt pity for them, bent his eyebrows
and burned the three forts of the Rakshasas and cut off their heads.
Let us pluck flowers from the vines and praise his heroic deeds. [280]

7. My lord, dancer in the hall of beautiful Thillai
where he stays with his wife
gave me a head to bow to his divine feet, a mouth to praise him,
and a crowd of devotees to join and be happy.
Let us praise his excellence and the way he dances
and pluck flowers from the vines and worship him. [281]

8. Our lord gives me his grace, shows me a good path in life,
and makes me worship the golden feet of his devotees.
He came to us and removed our karma—
let us praise his excellent qualities.
Let us sing and praise the ways he plays with his devotees
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [282]

9. I worshiped the highest lord for many days
and he placed his golden lotus feet, treasures for me, on my chest,
melted my stone heart and made me his devotee.
Let us sing praising his ornamented feet
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [283]

10. The god of wonderful Thirupperundurai with a garland of skulls,
drank the poison that came from the milky ocean,
fought with the Rakshasas and burnt their three forts
and placed his divine feet on my head.
Let us sing his heroic deeds,
pluck flowers from the vines and worship him. [284]

11. The highest lord, a sweet mixture of milk, nectar and honey,
makes my heart cool and stays there.
His feet ornamented with sounding anklets
are the good path for the people of the world to follow.

Let us praise that famous path
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [285]

12. Let us praise the lord, the king of Kudal, the lord of Thirumal,
of Brahma and all the gods in the sky, for drinking the poison
from the milky ocean as Paanagam to save the gods,
and let us pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [286]

13. As the wise sages and the gods in the sky
worshiped and praised his ornamented feet,
the lord taught the divine Vedas to them
under the shadow of the banyan tree.
Let us sing and praise the golden pollen
of the kondrai garland that he wears
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [287]

14. The god of Thiruvekambam has taken my heart as his abode,
keeps his divine feet in my heart and gives me his grace.
Let us praise the dancer in the hall of Thillai surrounded with walls and ponds
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [288]

15. Shiva fought with Agni, Surya, Ravana, Yama
lovely-eyed Thirumal, Brahma, Indra, the moon,
the faultless Daksha and Echan and destroyed their valor.
Let us praise the lord's heroism that destroyed them,
pluck flowers from the vines and worship him. [289]

16. Shiva, the bull rider, the god of Shivapuram, the ferocious fighter,
carried sand for Vandi in Madurai and ate the pittu that she gave him as wages,
but when he went to sleep without doing the work he was paid for,
the Pandya king grew angry at him and hit him with a stick, wounding him.

Let us sing and praise him
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [290]

17.The ancient Thirumal, Brahma, the gods in the sky
and the Asuras do not understand Shiva,
yet they worship his divine golden feet.
He entered my heart and made me his.
Let us sing praising the shining snake he wears
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [291]

18. I heard the sound of the anklets on Shiva's lovely feet
and I yearned to see the god in Thirupperundurai
where chariots run on the streets.
Let us joyfully praise the divine dance of the lord
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [292]

19. The generous lord, the god of Thirupperundurai
who defeated the elephant and wears its skin,
came to the earth as a crazy man and as a child
and gave moksha to all his devotees in Utharakosamangai.
Let us praise and sing how the generous lord has entered my thoughts
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [293]

20. He, my king, the god of Thirupperundurai, rode on a horse,
came to Madurai in a divine shining form,
made me his servant and gave me his grace.
Let us worship his ornamented lotus feet
and pluck flowers from the vines to worship him. [294]

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14. Thiruvundiyar

1. When he bent his bow to end the war,
all the three forts of the Rakshasas were burned.
Let us sing how they were destroyed.
O undi, fly high in the sky. [295]

2. The lord Ekambanathar did not have to use two arrows.
We saw him with only one arrow,
and with that he burned all the three forts of the Rakshasas—
yet even that one arrow was not needed,
since Shiva burned the forts by just smiling at them.
O undi, fly high in the sky. [296]

3. As soon as the lord placed his feet on the chariot
that the gods in the sky made for him,
its axel broke and all the three forts of the Rakshasas burned.
O undi, fly high in the sky. [297]

4. The lord who shared half of his body
with his wife with young breasts
shot arrows to burn the three forts,
and when the three Rakshasas worshiped the lord,
he made two of them guards at his entrance
and one a player of the drum when he dances.
O undi, fly high in the sky. [298]

5. O undi, fly high in the sky
and sing how Shiva destroyed the sacrifice of Daksha
and made all the gods run away.
O undi, praise and fly high in the sky

for the lord Rudra. [299]

6. O undi, fly high in the sky
and tell how when Thirumal, the father of Brahma,
was attacked by Veerabadra at the sacrifice of Daksha,
he survived by eating the nectar from the sacrifice. [300]

7. O undi, fly and tell how
when Agni came to swallow the sacrificial fire of the lord,
the god cut off his hands and the fire was destroyed.
O undi, praise him and fly high in the sky. [301]

8. O undi, fly and tell
how the lord did not even want to see Daksha
when he insulted him and Parvathi.
O undi, fly and praise him
whose body is shared with his round-breasted wife. [302]

9. O undi, fly and tell
how Indra took the form of a lovely cuckoo bird,
climbed on a tree and hid.
Fly and say that he is the king of the gods in the sky. [303]

10. The lord was angry at Vidyadharar, the guru of Daksha,
fought with him and killed him.
O undi, fly and sing how he died and went to moksha. [304]

11. O undi, fly in the sky
and sing how the lord replaced Daksa's head
with the head of a sheep.
O undi, fly shaking your belly. [305]

12. O undi, tell how when the Rakshasa Pahan
came to Daksha's sacrifice, hid himself
and tried to eat the sacrificial food,
the lord blinded him so he could not escape.
O undi, fly and sing so that all our births will be destroyed. [306]

13. At the sacrifice of Daksha,
the lord cut off the nose of the goddess Saraswathi
the head of Brahma,
and crushed the face of the moon.
O undi, fly and sing so that all our old karma will be destroyed. [307]

14. O undi, at the sacrifice of Daksha,
the four-headed Brahma and the king Daksha were killed,
but Indra the king of the gods
tried to find a way to escape from the fight.
O, undi, fly and sing this story. [308]

15. O undi, fly, and sing how the lord
broke the teeth of Surya
whose mouth was as sweet as a thondai fruit
and how the sacrifice was destroyed. [309]

16. O undi, fly and sing how
even though his sons were near to protect him,
Daksha was killed
and the sacrifice was destroyed. [310]

17. O undi, fly and sing
how the lord with beautiful jata

gave milk to Sambhandar when he was a baby and cried.
O undi, fly for our lord, the father of Kumaran. [311]

18. O undi, tell how the lord swiftly took off
the head of Brahma, seated on a beautiful lotus.
Fly and tell how he did that deed with only his fingernails. [312]

19. O undi, fly and sing how
when Ravana stopped Shiva's chariot
and carried his Kailasa mountain on his shoulders,
the lord fought him and cut off all his ten heads and twenty arms. [313]

20. Lord Shiva stays in the sky
and protects the sages clothed in orange
so they will not be destroyed.
O undi, fly and tell how the lord protects all the sages
and the gods above the sky. [314]

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15. Thiruthol nokkam

1. O Lord, dancer in the divine hall in shining Thillai,
we should not think the world is a pond blooming with flowers
where we can plunge and play—
we should realize it is like an oasis in a desert.
Our purpose is to reach you.
We praise you, hold each others' arms and dance. [315]

2. O girls with thick and lovely hair,
our lord gave his grace to me so I will not always be born and die.
Thirumal who threw a calf to get the vilam fruit
and Brahma could not find the lord's feet or head.

Let us praise the divine nature of the lord,
the dancer in the hall of Thillai of everlasting fame.
Let us hold each others' arms and dance. [316]

3. The hunter Kannappar closed the bleeding eyes of the lord with his sandals
and brought water in his mouth to do abhisekham for him.
He took flowers from his head to do archana for the lord,
offered meat after tasting it to make sure it was good,
and, his body shivering in devotion, worshiped the lord and received his grace.
Let us praise the puja he did, considering it as good as the finest puja.
Let us hold each others' arms and dance. [317]

4. The Lord came to me, melted my stone heart,
revealed to me his compassion, entered my heart,
gave me his grace and showed me the good path.
He made the whole land know my devotion.
Let us praise the lord, hold each others' arms and dance. [318]

5. The lord became eight—
the earth, water, air, fire, the high wide sky,
the moon, the sun and the five senses.
He is also the seven worlds
and all the ten directions, yet he is only one.
Let us praise him, hold each others' arms and dance. [319]

6. When I joined other religions like Buddhism
my mind became confused.
The lord made my mind Shivam
and turned all my acts into penance for him.
Let us praise our lord's compassion,
hold each others' arms and dance. [320]

7. When Sandeswarar cut off the two legs of his father Echadathan
because he insulted him for worshiping Shiva,
the lord forgave Sandeswarar's sin
and gave him food, garlands and clothes
and made the gods worship him
because of what he did for the love of the lord.
Let us hold each others' arms and dance. [321]

8. O good girls, we have no pride or judgment.
If we worship the ornamented feet of the lord,
the joyful dancer, and if we receive his grace, we will be joyful.
Let us hold each others' arms and dance. [322]

9. After our father with a third eye on his forehead
burned the three forts of the Rakshasas in the battle
where countless Indras, Brahmas, and many Thirumals died,
he made them guards in his palace.
Let us praise the power of the lord,
hold each others' arms and dance. [323]

10. When one of the thousand lotuses
used for the lord's worship was lost,
Thirumal took one of his eyes and offered it at the lord's feet
and the lord gave the chakra weapon to him.
Let us praise the lord for his grace,
hold each others' arms and dance. [324]

11. The lord broke the teeth of the sun,
took away the lives of Kama and Yama,
cut off the nose of Saraswathi,

the head of Brahma, the hands of the fire god,
the heads of Daksha and Echan,
and destroyed the beauty of the moon.
Then he removed their karma and made them whole again.
Let us hold each others' arms and dance. [325]

12. When Brahma and Thirumal were ignorant and argued
over which one of them was the highest god,
the lord wished to remove their pride
and took the form of a column of fire
starting at the earth, with his head in the sky.
Let us praise and sing how the highest lord spanned the earth and sky
and hold each others' arms and dance. [326]

13. I am poor and ignorant. For a long time,
without worshiping the highest lord I have wasted my life.
The ancient god, the precious diamond,
the primal one of the world, removed my future births.
Let us praise him, singing how he removed my karma,
hold each others' arms and dance. [327]

14. As soon as the pure shining lord
whom words cannot describe entered my heart,
I crossed the ocean of passion
and all the desires of my senses flew away.
Let us sing and praise the lord
holding each others' arms and dancing. [328]

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16. Thiruppon usal

1. O girls with eyes as sharp as spears!
The god of Thiruvutharakosamangai is as sweet as nectar.
I, his devotee, am as low as a dog,
yet he gave me his divine lotus feet that Thirumal could not find.
Let us make a swing with legs studded with corals,
ropes of pearls and a seat of gold.
Let us swing on the golden swing,
praising his grace-giving feet. [329]

2. O girls as beautiful as peacocks, you walk like swans!
The three-eyed lord, ageless, sweet as honey and nectar,
is in all creatures and melts their hearts.
Let us sing and praise Idaimarudur
where the king of Utharakosamangai stays
and swing on the golden swing. [330]

3. O girls with breasts ornamented with golden jewels!
Even though a hundred crores of sages and gods waited to receive his grace,
our lord, the god with no beginning or end, gave his divine ashes to me
and made me plunge into the flood of his compassion.
Let us praise beautiful Utharakosamangai
where clouds float in the shining sky
and let us swing on the golden swing. [331]

4. O girls ornamented with conch bangles!
Our lord, his neck dark from drinking the poison,
the god of Utharakosamangai
where clouds float above beautiful palaces
embraces Uma whose words are lovely,

and he stays in the hearts of his devotees
like a spring of nectar and gives them his compassion.
Let us praise and sing his faultless fame,
for he takes away the birth and death of his devotees,
and let us swing on the golden swing. [332]

5. O girls with ornaments on your breasts!
Thirumal and Brahma could not find the lord
who is a man, a woman and ali.
When the milky ocean was churned by the gods,
our lord drank the poison that came from it and saved all the gods.
Let us praise the divine qualities of the the god of Utharakosamangai,
the dancer, his hair adorned with the crescent moon,
and swing on the golden swing. [333]

6. The god of Utharakosamangai
adorned with pollen-filled kondrai blossoms
has Uma as half of his body.
He loved me, a dog among all his devotees, and made me his,
destroying my births and keeping my bad karma from harming me.
Let us melt in love, sing the beauty of his earrings
and swing on the golden swing. [334]

7. O girls with breasts that shine like gold!
Our lord, beautiful as a peacock dancing on a swan,
is not known or understood by anyone or the Vedas.
If I worship the feet of that god of Utharakosamangai and praise his fame,
he will destroy all my sins and desires for the world
and accept my devotion and make me his.
Let us praise and sing his beauty
and swing on the golden swing. [335]

8. The lord who came riding a horse wonderfully and made me his
descended from the top of beautiful Kailasa mountain
and ate the pittu that Vandi gave him,
and as a fisherman he sailed on a boat on the ocean.
Even Thirumal could not find that lord of Utharakosamangai.
Let us sing his praise, rejoice in our heart and swing on the golden swing. [336]

9. O girls with round, ornamented breasts,
the bright lord of Utharakosamangai flourishing with coconut groves
came to earth with Uma who shares half of his body,
destroyed our births, made us his and gave us his grace.
Let us praise the excellent qualities of the lord
whose hair is adorned by kondrai flowers dripping with honey
and swing on the golden swing. [337]

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17. Annaippathu

1. O mother,
he, the creator of the Vedas,
is adorned with white ashes and has a red body.
He dances to the music of drums!
He dances to the music of drums!
He is the lord of Brahma and Thirumal.
I praise him, saying, “You are the lord of lords.” [338]

2. O mother,
his eyes are adorned with kohl
and he is an ocean of compassion.
O mother, the hearts of his devotees melt for him.
O mother, their hearts melt

and in their devotion, they shed tears of joy. [339]

3. O mother,
he always has the form of a bridegroom.
He is very handsome.
O mother, he stays in the hearts of all.
He, the king of Thirupperunduri in the southern land,
stays in the hearts of all.
O mother, he is endless and the form of joy. [340]

4. On his neck he wears a dancing snake,
his garment is a tiger skin
and he wears divine ashes.
O mother, this is how he looks.
I see him in this form again and again.
O mother, seeing him in this form my heart is worried—
why is this, mother? [341]

5. O mother,
he has long hands and his hair is curly.
He comes from the lovely Pandya country.
O mother, he comes from the lovely Pandya country
and takes control of our hearts that wander unsteadily,
and he gives his grace and love to us all. [342]

6. O mother,
he is the lord of Utharakosamangai.
No one can know who he is.
He stays in my heart, O mother,
he stays in my heart, O mother,
but Thirumal and Brahma could not find him.

What is this wonder, O mother? [343]

7. O mother,
his garment is white
and on his forehead are white ashes.
O mother,
he came on a galloping horse,
he came on a galloping horse
and stole my mind away. [344]

8. O mother,
he wears a garland of arugam grass
and is smeared with fragrant sandal paste.
O mother, he made me his slave and rules me,
he made me his slave and rules me.
He carries a musical thalam—
why, mother? [345]

9. O mother,
he has Uma as half of his body
and he takes the form of a sage.
O mother, he begs for food,
and when he goes on the street and begs for food
my heart suffers.
Why, mother? [346]

10. O mother,
the crescent moon bearer
wears a kondrai garland
and kuvilam and unmatham flowers adorn his thick hair.
O mother,

in his hair are bunches of unmatham flowers
and now he has made me crazy—
why mother? [347]

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18. Kuyil Pathu

1. O lovely cuckoo singing with a sweet voice, hear me.
If you want to know where the divine feet of our lord are,
they are under the seven deep underworlds.
And if I speak of his shining head,
there are no words to describe how ancient it is.
He is the lord without qualities or end.
Call him to come. [348]

2. O lovely cuckoo bird,
the lord of Thirupperundurai gave his pleasant grace
to lovely Mandodari, the queen of Lanka in the south
surrounded by the ocean,
a place more beautiful than all the seven beautiful worlds.
O cuckoo bird, call with your sweet voice
the king of the southern Pandya country. [349]

3. O beautiful blue cuckoo bird,
call the lord of the sweet temple in Thiruvutharakosamangai
filled with tall palaces studded with diamonds.
With his beloved Uma, as lovely as a creeper, he rules the world.
Call the lord of the world to come. [350]

4. O small cuckoo bird,
you stay in a garden where fruits sweet as honey ripen.
The generous lord, coming down from the sky to the world,

made his devotees his own.
The unique lord spurned my body but entered my heart
and became one with my feelings.
Call the beloved of Uma whose soft looks are prettier than a doe's. [351]

5. O lovely cuckoo bird with a sweet voice!
The lord like a shining sun descended from heaven
and removed the worldly desires of his devotees.
Thirumal, the god of protection, Brahma, the god of creation,
and Rudra, the god of destruction did not know him.
O cuckoo bird, call the servant of his devotees
whose feet are red as sandal paste. [352]

6. O cuckoo bird,
the lord, the ruler of all the seven worlds,
the friend of his devotees, will give you happiness.
He, a joyful god who gives nectar to all,
came from the sky to the earth
riding on a horse that shone like gold studded with diamonds.
O cuckoo bird, you stay in the branches and sing.
Call the god of Thirukkokkazhi to come. [353]

7. O cuckoo bird, he is your friend and companion and he loves you.
He is handsome and his body shines brighter than gold,
and he, a generous king, comes riding a horse.
The god of Thirupperundurai,
is the king of the Pandya and Chera lands
and the Chola country ruled by Seerpuyangan.
Call for him to come. [354]

8. O cuckoo bird, my small one, come here.

Thirumal and Brahma searched for his head and feet
when the lord towered tall in a column of shining fire
and stood spanning the sky and the earth,
but they could not find them.
He, the true god with long jata, came riding a galloping horse.
Call for him to come. [355]

9. O little cuckoo bird,
you are dark but your body shines like pure gold
and you live in thick groves.
The dear lord, sweet as nectar, wears an athi garland
and has a body as beautiful as a red lotus and shining like gold.
He came to the earth, showed me his feet,
destroyed my karma and made me his.
O cuckoo bird, call for him to come. [356]

10. O cuckoo bird living and singing in groves
that bloom with bunches of flowers, hear what I say.
He came to the earth in the form of a Brahmin,
showed me his divine feet and made me his
so people would know that I am his devotee.
Call for the lord with a divine body as red as fire to come. [357]

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19. Thiruthasangam

1. O lovely young parrot,
Thirumal on the milky ocean
and Brahma on a white lotus
praise the king of Thirupperundurai
and say “He is our lord and the lord of the gods,”
and like them you praise him

and repeat the wonderful divine names
of the lord of the gods. [358]

2. O parrot green as an emerald,
your words are faultless and sweet.
Tell us the name of the country of the lord of the seven worlds
who rules us and gives his grace to his loving devotees
so they will not be born again.
You should know always that his country
is the southern Pandya land. [359]

3. O parrot living in groves where flowers shed pollen,
he shares half his body with Uma his beloved and he rules us.
Say that the place where the lord stays is Utharakosamangai
that is praised by all the devotees on the earth as Shivapuram. [360]

4. O dear parrot with a red beak and green wings,
tell how our father, the god of Thirupperundurai
shows his compassion to us.
His grace is a flood that comes from the sky
and removes what is wrong in our minds. [361]

5. O parrot, with a beak as beautiful as a murungai flower,
tell me the name of the mountain covered with clouds
where the faultless king of Thirupperundurai stays.
You should know that it is the mountain
that removes the darkness in devotees' hearts and brightens them
and gives the grace that is the joy of moksha. [362]

6. O dear parrot, do not hide in your nest.
Come outside, and if someone says to you, "On what does the incomparable lord ride?"

tell them, “He rides joyfully through the sky
on his horse which is the Vedas
while Apsarasas with hearts sweet as honey sing his praise.” [363]

7. O parrot with words like honey
dripping from the branches of fruit trees,
say that the weapon the faultless god of Perundurai
uses to defeat his enemies
is the trident that he carries to cut away all the three faults
from the hearts of his devotees that melt in devotion for him. [364]

8. O parrot with words as sweet as milk,
say that the loud drum of the god of Thirupperundurai
sounds so his devotees’ future births will be destroyed
and much happiness will come to them. [365]

9. O parrot of clever words,
say that the real garland of the god of Thirupperundurai,
the giver of grace to his devotees,
is the arugam garland of the lord.
He rules me and gives me his grace
so that bad karma will never come to me. [366]

10. O green parrot living in a flower garden,
if anyone asks you to tell
of the beautiful banner of the god of Thirupperundurai
surrounded with pure water,
tell them it is the faultless bull banner
that flies high from the columns of the palaces of his enemies. [367]

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20. Thiruppalli ezhuchi

1. O lord, I praise you, the foundation of my life.
It is dawn and we sprinkle flowers on your lotus feet and worship them.
We see the beautiful smile on your divine face
that gives grace to all your devotees.
You are the lord of Thiruperundurai surrounded with cool fields
where petaled lotuses bloom in the mud.
You, with a bull on your banner, made me yours.
Wake up, beloved lord. [368]

2. As the sun rises in the direction of Indra, darkness disappears,
the sun opens his eyes and fragrant flowers bloom
and bees as lovely as the eyes of the lord swarm and sing.
O Lord, god of Thirupperundurai,
you are a mountain of happiness
as you come to give us the grace we treasure.
You are the ocean with roaring waves.
Wake up, beloved lord. [369]

3. The beautiful cuckoos sing, roosters crow,
sparrows call, conches sound, the stars disappear
and light increases in the morning and brightens our day.
Show us your divine ankleted feet, lord, god of Thirupperundurai.
No one understands you, but you make it so I understand you easily.
Wake up, beloved lord. [370]

4. On one side, devotees play sweet music on the veena,
on another they play the yaaz,
in one place they recite the Vedas and sing praises,
in another they carry garlands strung together with flowers,

in another they cry out and worship you
and in another they put their hands above their heads.
O lord of Thirupperundurai,
you rule me and give me your grace.
Wake up, beloved lord. [371]

5. We have never heard of anyone who has seen you,
we have only heard that you stay in the sky, water, wind, fire, and earth.
Poets worship and sing your praise and dance but have not seen you.
You, hard for anyone to reach even by thought, are the king of Thirupperundurai
surrounded with flourishing cool fields.
You come to us, remove our troubles and give us your grace.
Wake up, beloved lord. [372]

6. O lord, you are the beloved of beautiful Uma.
You took away the desires for the world
of your devotees wanting to reach your moksha.
Girls decorated with kohl on their eyes worship you.
O Lord Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai
surrounded with cool fields where lovely lotuses bloom,
you destroy our births on this earth and give your grace.
Wake up, beloved lord. [373]

7. Even the gods in the sky do not know
whether you are the taste of fruit or nectar
and whether you are hard or easy to know.
You come to the earth in various divine forms
that may be this or that and make us yours and give us your grace.
You stay with your beautiful wife Uma
in Thiruvutharakosamangai surrounded with groves dripping with honey.
O king of Thirupperundurai, we ask you how we may serve and worship you.

Wake up, great lord. [374]

8. You are the beginning, middle and end of all.
All the three gods—Thirumal, Brahma and Rudra—how could others know?
O highest lord, you and Uma with balls for playing in her soft fingers
come to all the simple huts of your devotees and stay there.
Your divine body is red like fire.
You took the form of a Brahmin,
came to the Thirupperundurai temple and gave us your grace.
You are as sweet as nectar.
O lord, wake up. [375]

9. You are such a wonder
even the gods in the sky cannot approach you.
We are your devotees.
You made us come to the earth and live,
O god of Thirupperundurai,
worshiped by our family from generation to generation,
you abide in the thoughts of your loving devotees.
You are sweetness that gives us joy, staying in our eyes,
and the nectar that came from the ocean, sweet as sugarcane,
You are the life of all the creatures of the world.
Wake up, great lord. [376]

10. Being born in this world we waste our days in vain
unable to reach you, O god of Thirupperundurai.
We are looking for the path
through which all the creatures of the world reach you.
O god of Thirupperundurai, grant us your compassion
and come to this earth with Thirumal who wanted to see your feet
and Brahma who wanted to see your head.

O omnipotent lord, make us yours.

Wake up, our sweet lord. [377]

Part III. The Plea of the Devotee

21. Koyil Mutha Thiruppadiham: Anatiyakiya Carkariyam [378-387] Ten ancient divine poems on Thillai

22. Koyil Thiruppadiham: Anupoka Ilakkanam [388-397] Ten divine poems on the temple

23. Sethilappathu: Civananthattin Perukkam [398-407] The soul wishes to leave this world and reach the Lord

24. Adaikkalap Pathu: Pakkuva Ninnayam [408-417]] The soul longs for the refuge of the Lord

25. Aasaip Pathu: Atthuma Ilakkanam [418-427] The soul desires the Lord's grace

26. Adisayap Pathu: Mutthi Ilakkanam [428-437] The soul expresses wonder that the Lord has joined him with other devotees

27. Punarchip Pathu: Attuvitha Ilakkanam [438-447] The soul asks when it will join the faultless Lord

28. Vaazaappathu: Mutthi Upayam [448-457] The soul says it does wish to live in this world and asks for the grace to reach moksha and unite with the Lord

29. Arul Pathu: Mahamaya Sutthi [458-467] The soul asks the Lord to come to it and show his grace

30. Thirukkazukkundrap Padikam: Kuru Tharisanam [468-474] The soul praises the Lord for revealing his presence in Thirukkazukkundram

31. Kanda Pathu: Nirutha Tharisanam [475-484] The soul sees the Lord dancing in Thillai

32. Piraathanaip Pattu: Satha Muthi [485-495] The soul requests the Lord to give his grace to join him

33. Kuzaitha Pathu: Athuma Nivethanam [496-505] The soul asks the Lord to give his compassion so it may reach him

34. Uyirunnip Pathu: Civanantham Meliduthal [506-515] The soul asks the Lord to join it

35. Accap Patthu: Anantham Uruthal [516-525] The soul expresses fear at seeing other gods worshiped

36. Thiruppandip Pathiham: Civanantha Vilaivu [526-535] The Pandya country and the devotion of its people for the Lord

37. Piditha Pathu: Muthik Kalappu Uraithal [536-545] The soul holds on to the Lord and asks how it can reach him

38. Thiruvesaravu: Cuttarivu Ozitthal [546-555] The soul asks for the grace of the Lord to come and show his feet

39. Thiruppulambal: Civanantha Muthirvu [556-558] The soul says it will not praise any other god but melt only for Siva

40. Kulap Pathu: Anupavam Idai Idupadamai [559-568] The soul describes how its troubles disappeared when it saw the Lord's presence in Thillai

41. Arpudap Pathu: Anupavam Atramai [569-578] The soul expresses wonder at the Lord's showing his feet to him

42. Chennip Pathu: Civavilaivu [579-588] How the Lord places his feet on the devotee's head

43. Thiruvaarthai: Arivittu Anpu Uruthal [589-598] The soul worships the other devotees who have the grace of the Lord

44. Ennap Padikam: Oziya Inpatthu Uvakai [599-604] The wishes of the devotees to receive the grace of the Lord

45. Yaathiraip Pathu: Anupava Athitham Uraithal [605-614] A devotee tells how to reach the Lord

46. Thiruppadai Ezuchi: Pirapancap Por [615-616] The divine army of the Lord

47. Thiru Venba: Ananthor Thanmai [617-627] Venpa poems expressing the joy of the soul having the Lord in its heart

48. Pandaaya Naanmarai: Anupavatthu Aiyam Inmai Uraitthal [628-634] Even the four Vedas cannot see the Lord

49. Thiruppadai Aatchi: Civa Upathi Ozhithal [635-642] The soul wishes to transcend the desires of the world so the Lord will enter his heart

50. Aananda Maalai: Civanupava Viruppam [643-649] The garland of joy: the soul asks the Lord to give it the joy of experiencing him

51. Achoo Padiham: Anupavavazi Ariyamai [650-662] The soul is joyful to have received the Lord's grace that other devotees have not received

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21. Koyil mutha Thiruppadiham

1. O lord, you made me yours.
Uma, your wife, is a part of you
and you both are with me, your slave.
Give me the grace to be with your devotees.
O dancer of the golden hall in Thillai, you are endless!
Come and fulfill my wish. [378]

2. O lord, you stay with me and rule me and I follow your commands.
Even though I have done very little to reach you, I try to serve you.
Still I have not done enough tapas.
O lord, dancer in the golden hall in Thillai,
give me your grace and tell me how to reach you.
If you do not, won't your devotees come to you and ask,
"Who is this one constantly worshiping you?" [379]

3. O lord, my heart does not melt for you
and I do not feel much love for you,
yet you loved me your devotee and made me your slave.
If I complain to you and ask you to give me your grace
and you do not give it, won't your devotees say,
"It is not fair of you not to give him your grace."?
You accept the sacrifices that your dear devotees offer
and make them flourish.
If you do not present yourself to me, I will not live.
O dancer of the golden hall in Thillai,
you are everything in the world. [380]

4. You are the origin of all the three gods, Thirumal, Brahma and Rudra,
the origin of me and my five senses and of everything in the world.

I cry and ask you to give me your grace
and I stay with your crowd of old devotees.
What can I do except ask you to give me your grace,
O king of the golden hall in Thillai? [381]

5. O king, you are nectar,
the dancer in the golden hall in Thillai.
Searching for your grace
like a heron searching for food
I wait night and day and grow tired.
You do not give me your grace
as you give to your devotees and make them happy.
You are invisible, like ghee in milk, and you are silent.
Don't you think the world will scold you for being like that? [382]

6. The world may scold you and say
that I am your devotee while others may not worry about me.
I have not received your grace yet,
O lord, my father, dancer in the golden hall of Thillai.
I want to go to Thiruvolakkam and worship you.
Be compassionate to me and give me your grace to go there
where all your devotees crowd together to see you. [383]

7. O lord, dancer in the golden hall of Thillai,
I wait thinking that I will receive your grace.
Will I be disappointed?
You make me imagine you and you rule me.
Will I be like wealth that has no one to protect it?
I want to come near you where you and your devotees
join together and play. You are my life.
Give me your grace and call to me, "Come!" [384]

8. If you do not give me, your slave, your grace,
there is no one here to tell me, “Do not be afraid!”
You, precious as gold, came,
showed your concern and gave me your grace.
O dancer of the golden hall of Thillai,
separated from you I am worried and confused.
If you do not call me and make me one of your wise devotees,
I will die. If the world knew this, wouldn’t it laugh? [385]

9. Some laugh, some are joyful,
some feel happy as if they tasted honey,
some join together and tell your greatness to others,
some hear it, some appreciate it, staying in various places,
and some worship you, recite your divine names and say,
“O lord, dancer of the golden hall of Thillai!”
How could I, low as a dog, stay among them?
Trust me and give me your grace. [386]

10. I worship you and chatter your name, thinking,
“He will surely give me his grace.”
My eyes fill with tears, my mouth mumbles,
my mind thinks of you, worships you and melts.
I pray to you many times and say,
“You are the lord of the golden hall of Thillai!”
I am weak and tired. Have pity on me!
O lord, you rule me, and you have made me yours. [387]

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22. Koyil Thiruppadiham

1. O lord Shiva, the five senses, my enemies,
give me desires and confuse me.
You, my nectar, close the doors to those desires
and stay in my heart as a bright light.
I want to see you.
Come to me and give me your grace.
O lord Shiva, our joy and sweet honey,
god of Thirupperundurai, our love,
you abide across all the endless worlds. [388]

2. O highest lord, you gave me your sweet grace
and my soul and body melt in love and joy for you.
O omnipresent lord, with no past or future,
you are the first one and you are endless.
O lord Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai in the southern land,
king of famous Shivapuram,
I have nothing to pay back your kindness. [389]

3. O king, my father, you, the servant of your devotees,
entered my heart and melted it with devotion for you.
O true light, you removed my false darkness.
You, nectar, are a faultless ocean
whose waves do not break on their banks.
Words cannot describe you, for you can only be felt.
Let me know how I can describe you and feel you. [390]

4. The sages who understand you become gods.
You are something beloved that can only be felt. O lord, matchless one, soul for all lives,
you are the remedy that removes births

and a pure light that appears in darkness.
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
unlike a person, you are joy that has no qualities.
Are there any troubles for those who approach you? [391]

5. O faultless lord, sweet nectar, indestructible shining mountain,
the Vedas and the meaning of the Vedas!
You entered my mind and abide there.
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
you flow like water that has no bounds.
O lord, you entered my body
and now there is nothing more for me to ask. [392]

6. If I beg and beg and melt for you
you rise as a bright light in my mind.
Your lotus feet touch the heads of the gods in the sky
when they bow to you.
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
you are the wide sky, water, earth, fire and wind
and yet you are none of them. O formless one,
I saw you with my eyes today and enjoyed you. [393]

7. Like a rising sun, you entered my mind, stayed there,
removed my darkness and gave me your grace.
It is only you in my heart—nothing else is there.
I understand that there is nothing except you anywhere.
You are like an atom where all things join together as one thing.
You are not anything and without you there is nothing.
Who knows you? [394]

8. O lord, you are the creator of all the worlds and the sky,

the spreading light, the fire in water,
faultless, understood by no one. Your grace, sweet as honey,
flows like a flood in the hearts of your devotees.
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
who is my relation in this world
and who is a stranger for me on this earth?
You are the only joy and bright light for me. [395]

9. O lord, you are a bright light, formless and unique,
the ancient god who cannot be described.
You are a great ocean of joy
and you remove all the desires of the world for your devotees.
Endless, you are a mountain that gives your devotees faultless grace.
O Shiva, god of Thiruupperundurai,
where could you go without me?
Show me the way to go with you.
Come to me, give me your feet and your grace. [396]

10. You gave me yourself
and you took me to yourself.
Tell me, who is the clever one?
I received endless joy by having you
but is there anything that you received from me?
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
you, my father and lord, have entered my body,
and I have nothing to give back. [397]

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23. Sethilappathu

1. I am a liar.

Even though I am separated from your ornamented lotus feet,
I have not died yet. Alas, I live in this world but I have not thought of you.
You are my lord and king, a large ocean of grace,
my chief whom Thirumal and Brahma could not find.
O lord with a red body,
I do not know what to do, O god of Thirupperundurai. [398]

2. O king, the gods in the sky, the sages and others performed tapas
under trees and on the water where the wind blows.
They did not eat anything and suffered longing to see you.
Termite mounds covered their bodies,
but still they could not see your lotus feet.
You told me to become your devotee
and I gave myself to you, yet I do not suffer,
my heart does not melt,
and I do not give up this body that thinks of you.
I have not died and still wander about,
O Shiva of Thirupperundurai. [399]

3. Even though I am a Pulaiyan,
you thought I am significant and gave me your grace.
I plunged into joy and walked on my hands.
O Sankara, rider of the bull,
even for all the countless gods in the sky, only you are permanent.
You, the omnipresent one, took poison from the milky ocean
and you burned the three forts of the Rakshasas with your bow.
Please make me die, O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai. [400]

4.Brahma and Thirumal wished to see
your head and feet and melted like wax in fire—
still they wait to see you,
and many of your beloved devotees do hard tapas to see you,
becoming like skeletons and thinking only of you.
As they wait for you, why did you come and chose me as your devotee?
I am a rough person, with a mind like wood and iron
that does not think of you. My eyes and ears are harder than iron
and they do not want to see or hear you,
yet you gave me your grace and wanted me to be your devotee.
You abide in south Thirupparaaythurai,
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai. [401]

5. O lord, you are beloved to all the gods in the sky
and they search for you.
I do not follow any other god except you and want your grace.
You are our lord.
Give me your grace so I will not be separated from you.
Show me your ankleted feet and remove my illusory body,
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai, lord of all the gods. [402]

6. I have not cut my body like other devotees
and I have not entered fire and burned my body.
I do not know how to receive your divine grace
but I cannot be patient anymore.
I do not know how to be rid of this body.
Your devotees praise you, the bull-rider, saying, "potri, potri!"
I do not want to live without you. What should I do?
Give me your grace and tell me what I should do,
O lord Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai
surrounded with fields where water flows breaking its banks. [403]

7. You are the magic one, the god of the sky
who drank the poison from the milky ocean
making your neck dark. You are our nectar.
I am a dog and I do not even think of you.
I am like a devil who does not worship your feet
saying, “Namasivaya,”
yet you show me the way to reach you.
The crescent moon floats in your matted hair.
Is it right that I stay far from you
and must cry out to reach you,
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai? [404]

8. Brahma who lives on a lotus,
and Thirumal who lies on the roaring ocean,
and Indra and all the other gods are waiting to see you.
You have not showed me your love and your ornamented feet
and made me one of your devotees.
I am just waiting for you, wondering what could I do.
O lord, you are my remedy.
Is it right that I, your slave, must suffer to join you,
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai
surrounded with fields where cool water flows? [405]

9. The people of the world, Indra, four-faced Brahma
and all the gods wait to see you,
but you gave me your grace and made me yours.
For Markandeyan, you kicked Yama and took his life,
yet you gave me those same ornamented feet to worship.
The Ganges flows on your head and you carry fire in your hand.
Even Thirumal cried and searched for you,

but, though my eyes are like wood,
you ordered me to come to your lotus feet,
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai surrounded with fields
where neelam flowers bloom and fish swim in the water. [406]

10. You came to me, gave me your grace,
released me from my fears
and plunged me into the ocean of your grace,
yet I do not melt for you.
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
Thirumal with his conch and Brahma seated on a lotus
could not find you, the god of the sky.
You share your body with the daughter of Himalaya.
You are like an ocean and you stay in Kailasa mountain. [407]

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24. Adaikkalap pathu

1. Your dear devotees have attained your divine lotus feet.
I am a sinner without knowledge or wisdom.
My body is unclean and germs live in it,
and my mind is dirty, yet you made me yours.
I am your slave and you are my refuge. [408]

2. O lord, you wear a snake around your waist
and the Ganges flows in your hair.
You forgive all my faults that others cannot abide because you are patient
and you destroy my future births with your divine grace.
I am your slave and you made me yours.
O lord, you are my refuge. [409]

3. O clever lord, wonderful god, you remove my births

and, entering my mind, you make me crazy for you.
Brahma, seated on a lotus,
and Thirumal could not find your head and feet.
You give grace to all and have made me yours.
I am your slave, you are my refuge. [410]

4. When your beloved devotees
were plunged into a flood of sorrows
they were saved by the boat of your ornamented feet,
and when I was plunged into the ocean of sorrows,
assailed by the fish of passion, you made me yours.
O, lord I am your slave, you are my refuge. [411]

5. Caught by the tricks of women with curly hair, I forgot you.
I fell into this dark body and I am tired.
O lord of the gods in the sky,
you share your body with your beloved wife
whose doe-like eyes are adorned with kohl.
You made me yours.
I am your slave, you are my refuge. [412]

6. I am consumed by the beauty
of women who have eyes like split mangoes decorated with kohl,
and my heart is broken and I suffer.
I am like yogurt that flows when it is churned in a pot.
Lord, may you prosper.
When will I reach your beautiful lotus feet and worship you?
I have done bad karma.
O father, ocean of compassion, you made me yours.
I am your slave, you are my refuge. [413]

7. When I suffered, caught in the net of passion
of women with lightning eyes and small waists,
you, the sweet lord, came to me, gave me your grace
and released me from my passion.
You showed me compassion,
filled my eyes with tears like nectar
and forgave my faults.
O lovely-eyed lord, you made me yours.
I am your slave, you are my refuge. [414]

8. You share your body with your wife
whose eyes are like cut mangoes.
Call me or make me join your feet—
I do not know your thoughts,
My heart suffers like the shuttle running
between the threads in a loom. You made me yours.
I am your slave, you are my refuge. [415]

9. Your devotees, never separated from you,
worship your feet and stay beneath them always,
and they receive the boon of not being born again.
I do not know the path of those devotees, I know only you,
yet I cannot really understand you.
You made me yours.
I am your slave, you are my refuge. [416]

10. You gave the nectar of your grace to all your devotees
and I yearn to drink it also,
but it chokes me because I do not have the good karma to drink it.
Give me cool water sweet as honey and save me.
I suffer, but you have made me yours.

I am your slave, you are my refuge. [417]

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25. Aasaip pathu

1. Even Thirumal who carries an eagle banner
could not see your ornamented feet,
yet you, a faultless jewel, gave me your grace and your divine feet.
If only you would call me and give me your grace, saying,
“Leave the dark world and come to me!”
This is my desire—do you see that, my father? [418]

2. I do not want to live in this body
that is like a pot with a brain and bones
covered with skin tied together with rope-like nerves.
O my king, my nectar, call me to come to you.
You are above all the creatures of the world and gods.
O father, I want to see you—do you see that? [419]

3. O king, dancer of the golden hall in Thillai,
release me from this body,
an ugly small hut swarming with bees,
and call me to come and join you.
O lord Shiva, precious jewel,
hard for all the gods to know,
you protect all and give them your grace.
Please just glance at my face and pity me—
this is my strange desire.
Do you see that, O my father? [420]

4. I am like an unclean walking hut that is without strength.
The bones in my body are becoming thin

and my skin is swelling out.
My body suffers without ceasing.
I worship you, o lord.
I want to melt for you and see your bright light,
to join your beautiful lotus feet and stay there.
O my father, do you know that? [421]

5. O lord, rider of the bull,
my body is covered with skin
but inside it has terrible wounds—
it is like a tamarind fruit covered with a rind.
O sweet nectar who wear divine ashes all over your body,
you came to me and made me yours.
I am a simple person and this is my desire. .
O my father, do you know that? [422]

6. I, a dog, was tired
and could not stay in this world anymore.
You made me live in a family
and you did not release me from it.
Even the gods in the sky
do not know your beautiful lotus feet.
O lord, you are my chief, you are my moksha.
I want to see your bright face and lovely smile.
O father, do you know that? [423]

7. O highest god, you are a bright light,
and people in the world and the gods in the sky
worship and praise you.
Come to earth, give moksha to all and make them yours.
In my desire for you, I say,

“My lord, I want to recite your thousand names,
to wander and worship you, as sweet as nectar.”
O father, this is my wish. Do you know that? [424]

8. I want to fold my hands and worship you,
I want to embrace your beautiful ornamented feet
placing them on my head always,
and to cry out praising you, “My lord, my lord!”
melting like wax in fire. This is my desire.
O, king of Aiyaru, my father, do you know that? [425]

9. I want to leave this evil body and enter Shivapuram.
I want to see your bright light with my two eyes and feel joy.
O matchless lord, highest of the high,
I want to join the crowd of your old beloved devotees.
O father, this is my wish. Do you know that? [426]

10. I, a dog, was caught in the love nets
of fish-eyed women and suffered.
You, the light of knowledge,
share half your body with your beloved wife
who has feet soft as cotton.
I do not have any help.
I wish you would open your beautiful coral mouth
and say, “Do not be afraid!” O father, do you know that! [427]

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26. Adisayap pathu

1. My heart did not melt for him
thinking that he is a treasure and a bright diamond.
I suffered for the pleasure of beautiful women

with breasts like vases, but he, my father,
made me made me join his devotees
and worship his divine matchless feet
that are more precious than jewels
and are as lovely as fresh lotuses
Isn't it a wonder! [428]

2. I have not thought of anything good.
I do not join with those who want to lead moral lives.
I was born in sorrow and die and wander in this world.
The highest lord, the omnipresent god
who shares his body with the goddess Uma
gave me his grace and made me one of his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [429]

3. The lord, my father with an eye in his forehead,
is hard for anyone to understand
yet he took away my past karma and is easy for me to know.
He, my mother, with the crescent moon in his golden jata,
made me his and joined me with his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [430]

4. People in this world call to me, saying, "He is crazy!"
There is a reason for this. Listen.
I did not know how to receive the divine grace of the lord and join with him.
I was about to fall and die in terrible hell,
but my lord came to me, made me his
and joined me with his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [431]

5. I did not join the devotees who praise him

or sprinkle flowers on him and worship him,
I only destroyed myself falling into the passion
of women with long hair decorated with kuravu flowers.
Lord Haran with shining jata who dances in the night carrying fire
made me his and joined me with his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [432]

6. I am ignorant and have not thought of his divine name
or recited the five-letter mantra "Namasivaya."
I was content to be born on this earth, die and become dust
without joining wise men or doing good karma,
but my god, my lord, gave me his grace, made me his
and joined me with his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [433]

7. I believed that my body, made of flesh,
swarming with worms, rotten and unclean,
as if covered with a false roof, is real and suffered,
but my bright lord, precious as pearls, jewels, diamond and coral
made me his and joined me with his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [434]

8. The lord removed my karma,
released me from my future births,
entered my body and taught me goodness,
made my body pure as a field that is plowed without a yoke,
and, shining like the rising sun, made me his
and joined me with his devotees.
Isn't it a wonder! [435]

9. The life in this body is like the fragrance in a flower—

no one knows where it comes from,
and like that fragrance, we do not know where god is.
The lord took me, made me join his devotees
and kept me from follow the words of the crazy people
who enjoy whatever they may get in the world
and do not have in their minds the highest lord
who is without desire and pervades all.
Isn't it a wonder! [436]

10. Without realizing that my body is a small dark hut
built by my bad karma,
I blithely thought it was something important
and was going to fall into hell.
The lord who angrily destroyed the three forts of his enemies with red fire
gave his grace to me, took me from my false path
and made me walk on his true path.
Isn't it a wonder! [437]

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27. Punarchip pathu—Joining the lord

1. O faultless jewel, when will I, a low person,
reach, worship, and happily join you,
a shining golden hill, a faultless pearl,
precious sweet nectar and a house of compassion
whom dark Thirumal and Brahma
have searched for and still cannot find. [438]

2. O king, I am your slave and I cannot wait to join you.
When will the time come when I do not plunge
into the desires of my five senses on this earth
and praise you saying, "O Shiva, you are my lord!"?

When will my heart melt inside me,
becoming like water that springs from sand near a river?
When will I cry for you, worship you, and join with you,
O my faultless jewel? [439]

3. I was not interested in worshiping the lord
who made tall Thirumal and Brahma afraid
when he took the towering form of fire,
but he, sweet nectar, made me his.
When will the time come when I can stand before his devotees,
cry, sprinkle fragrant flowers and join you, O faultless jewel? [440]

4. When will the time come
when I can embrace and join the lord,
sweet as nellikkani, honey, milk, sweet nectar,
the taste of honey, and a bright light?
No one can describe him with words whose meanings they know.
Brahma seated on an alli blossom, Thirumal, all the other gods
and Indra the king of the gods praise and recite his names.
O lord, you are a faultless jewel. [441]

5. Brahma took a form of an eagle and flew in the sky to find his head
and Thirumal took the form of a boar and dug up the earth to find his feet
but they could not find the lord,
yet he felt pity for me, accepted my service and made me his.
When will I praise his wonderful grace saying, “Ah, ah!”
and join him, my faultless jewel. [442]

6. The lord, the highest joy, came to me with love
and gave his grace to me, his slave,
but I have not understood him and joined with him.

When will I escape this worldly life,
love him on this earth and be filled with joy
as my trembling eyes shed tears?
When will I join him, my faultless jewel? [443]

7. When will I worship my matchless, unique lord,
a fire no one can approach, the ocean, wind, earth and sky,
crying till I choke as my eyes shed tears like a waterfall?
When will I fold my hands, sprinkle fragrant flowers on him,
and embrace and join him, my faultless jewel? [444]

8. When will I join you as my heart melts and melts,
whether I stand, sit, lie, get up, laugh, cry, worship, praise, or dance?
When will I look at your shining divine body and shiver,
O lord, faultless jewel? [445]

9. When will I praise you saying always,
“You are my father and you are the mother of all the seven worlds.
I am a dog yet you, the crazy one took me as yours.
You are the remedy to remove my births,
and you are my precious diamond.”?
When will I think of your beautiful feet night and day,
and join you with devotion sweet as dripping honey,
O lord, faultless jewel? [446]

10. When will I join you, praise you and say,
“You are our protector, creator, destroyer,
the most ancient of all the gods in the sky,
the endless, the first one of the world, the seer and my highest god.”?
When will I sing and sing your praise, bow to you,
sprinkle flowers on your lotus feet and join you, O faultless jewel. [447]

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28. Vaazaappathu

1. O highest lord who stood spanning the earth and sky,
see, I have no one to hold to.
O Shiva of excellent fame, king of Shivapuram,
god of Thirupperundurai, to whom can I tell my troubles?
Give me your grace and make me yours—
I will not live in this ocean-encircled world without joining you.
Give me your grace and tell me, “Come to me!” [448]

2. Even though I have done bad karma,
O precious jewel, you made me yours.
I have no one to hold to.
You are unique and even the gods do not know you.
O great lord, when you spanned the earth and sky,
Brahma and Thirumal searched but could not find you.
O Shiva, king of Shivapuram, god of Thirupperundurai,
my lord and ruler, call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [449]

3. I have no one to hold to except your feet,
praised and sung by Thirumal,
but you searched for me and made me yours.
O king of Shivapuram, Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
I am unhappy with you, yet I love you joyfully.
I am sure you can understand me.
I suffer in this world—I will not live here without joining you.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [450]

4.You burned the three forts of the Rakshasas,
fighting them with your strong sword.

See, I have no one to hold to except you.
O dancer in the hall of Thillai, king of Shivapuram,
lord Shiva without beginning or end, god of Thirupperundurai,
you spanned the earth and crossed all the three worlds
when Thirumal and Brahma searched for you
and could not find your head or feet.
I will not live on this earth without joining you.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [451]

5. You share half of your body with Uma
whose words are like music.
See, I have no one to hold to except you.
O king of Shivapuram, surely you have made me yours.
O Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
my sight, taste, breath, hearing, touch,
and thoughts belong only to you.
I am your slave and I will not live on this earth without joining you.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [452]

6. O lord, you share half of your body
with your wife who has feet soft as cotton.
I have no one to hold to except you.
O king of Shivapuram, Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai,
you have surely made me yours.
I, a cheater and a dog, am ignorant and afraid
because I have forgotten the grace that you gave me.
I will not live on this earth without joining you.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [453]

7. O beautifully-formed king of Shivapuram,
I have nothing to hold to except your feet that shine like the sun.

O lord Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai, compassionate lord!
I am confused and do not know the right path,
how to melt in my heart, understand your compassion and join you.
I do not want to live on this earth.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [454]

8. O lord, you share half of your body with your wife
who holds balls for playing in her hands.
I have no one to hold to but you,
O fire-like red lord, king of Shivapuram,
god Shiva of Thirupperundurai, endless nectar,
a thing of wondrous rarity, sweet nectar,

9. O destroyer of sins,
I have nothing to hold to except your feet.
O god of gods, king of Shivapuram clothed in a tigerskin,
you spanned the earth and sky as a roaring fire
when Thirumal and Brahma searched for your feet and head.
I will not live on this earth.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [456]

10. You share your body with your wife
who has faultless fame from ancient times.
I have nothing to hold to except your feet.
O king of Shivapuram with jata adorned by the crescent moon,
Shiva, god of Thirupperundurai, how can I worship other gods?
How can I praise other gods?
How can I think other gods are my help?
O bull rider, I will not live on this earth.
Call me, give me your grace and make me yours. [457]

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29. Arul pathu

1. O lord, bright light, lamp that spreads brilliance everywhere,
highest god smeared with ashes white as milk,
you share half your body with your wife
who has curly hair and round breasts.
Brahma seated on the lotus and Thirumal
searched for you and could not find you.
O god of justice, famous ancient god of rich Thirupperundurai
where kurundam flowers bloom everywhere,
if I your slave call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace, saying, "Do not be afraid!"? [458]

2. O unique, faultless lord, dancer in the hall of Thillai,
god of gods in the sky, with an eye in your forehead,
I shouted, cried and searched for you all over the world
but I could not see you.
O dear one, famous god of Thirupperundurai
where divine water flows and beautiful kurundam flowers bloom,
if I, your slave call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace, saying, "Don't be afraid!"? [459]

3. O lord, my chief, my dear life,
you are the beloved of your two wives
who have lovely fragrant hair.
You burned the body of Kama
by opening your third eye.
O god of Thirupperundurai where lovely kurundam flowers bloom,
if I, your slave, call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [460]

4. O faultless lord, Brahma seated on a lotus
and dark cloud-colored Kannan could not reach you,
but when I asked you to come to me,
you came before me in the form of fire.
O father, god of Thirupperundurai
where lovely kurundam flowers flourish and the four Vedas are recited,
if I, your slave, call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [461]

5. O lord, on your shining chest you embrace
your dear wife with a thin waist small as a drum and curly hair.
O divine sage, god of Thirupperudurai
surrounded with abundant groves and filled with flourishing kurundam flowers,
if I your slave call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [462]

6. O pure lord red as coral, shining diamond,
sweet nectar that springs in the hearts of devotees who think of you,
our father, god of Thirupperundurai
where the divine Vedas are recited everywhere
and beautiful kurundam flowers bloom,
if I your slave call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [463]

7. O lord, you are the truth and your forms are many.
You burned the three forts of the Rakshasas
bending Meru mountain as your bow,
and you kicked Yama for Markandeya.
O lord with a body red as fire,
you stay in flourishing Thirupperundurai
where lovely kurundam flowers bloom.

If I, your slave, call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [464]

8. O you who are moksha, ancient one, three-eyed lord,
you are a sage, a Siddha who gives grace and moksha
to those who think of you with devotion
and worship you, sprinkling beautiful blossoming flowers.
O god of rich Thirupperundurai where lovely kurundam flowers bloom,
if I, your slave, call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [465]

9. O faultless lord, the meaning of everything
in whose red hair a bright snake lives
and the water of the Ganges flows,
you removed the confusion in my mind
and took away this birth and future births.
O god of Thirupperundurai
where the four Vedas that remove ignorance sound everywhere
and lovely kurundam flowers bloom,
if I, your slave, call you with love, won't you come
and give me your grace and say, "Don't be afraid!"? [466]

10. If I think of you sitting beneath the flowering kuruntam tree
in Thirupperundurai surrounded with faultless thick groves,
longing for you and saying,
"You are my god, you have done endless tapas,"
and if I call you with love, won't you come, give me your grace and say,
"Leave the earth surrounded by the wavy ocean and come to me!"?
See, this is the way to go to Kailasa. [467]

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30. Thirukkazukkundrap padikam

1. O great god of Thirupperundurai, you love everyone the same.
Faultless lord, if your devotees recite your names,
you give joy to them and remove their troubles.
You removed all the suffering of my future births,
appeared in Thirukkazukkundram with divine beauty
and presented yourself before me. [468]

2. O crazy lord of Thirupperundurai,
you carried sand to get pittu from Vandi.
am ignorant and do not know how to live,
and I have not worshiped you.
O Siddha, god of Shivalogam,
you came to Thirukkazukkundram, appeared before me,
and made me, a dog, yours and removed my troubles. [469]

3. O lord, when I was confused with my bad karma
and did not know what my future will be,
I did not go to Thirupperundurai
where the tears of your devotees flow and their troubles are removed.
When I did not know how to worship your divine shining feet,
you came to Thirukkazukkundram, appeared before me and saved me. [470]

4. When I did not worship and love you every day
and plunged into the ocean of many bad deeds,
I took hold of the boat of devotion in Thirupperundurai
where you abide and sailed on it.
You came to Thirukkazukkundram
and appeared before me in your divine form that no one has seen. [471]

5. O divine cloud, god of Thirupperundurai,
who took the form of a pig to feed the piglets,
even though I do not have good qualities and thoughts,
you, a precious jewel, came to me, entered my heart
and made me love you and praise you,
appearing before me in Thirukkazukkundram.
The world itself is a witness. [472]

6. O lord, god of Thirupperundurai,
you, a flood that loves all equally,
give wisdom to all your devotees.
Even though I spoke of you badly to strangers you did not hurt me,
and when I worshiped with love your faultless feet that remove death,
you came to Thirukkazukkundram and appeared before me. [473]

7. Lord, you created the sixty-four Apsaras
and gave them eight qualities.
When I had plunged into the ocean of bad karma,
you removed the troubles that it caused, made me yours,
gave me your faultless lotus feet
and made me one of your devotees.
You came to Thirukkazukkundram and appeared before me. [474]

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31. Kanda pattu

1. I was involved in the pleasures of my five senses,
wandering around all over,
destroying myself and I was going to fall into terrible hell.
The lord removed my bad thoughts,
made me Shivam, made me himself and gave me endless joy.
I saw him in beautiful Thillai. [475]

2. When I was caught in the troubles of bad karma,
I did not think of the lord ever.
I became tired of myself and lived in this world.
The matchless lord made me himself
and removed my future births.
I saw the lord whom the whole world worships
in the dancing hall in Thillai [476]

3. When I was in the womb of my mother,
the god of Thiruthurutthi came and stayed there,
formed all the parts of my body,
and with compassion he lovingly made me his.
I, a dog and his slave, saw him in beautiful Thillai. [477]

4. The strong lord came to me
who am ignorant and lower than a dog,
made my life flourish and made me his.
He removed my desires for the world
and all people know that I am his devotee.
I saw the lord in the dancing hall of Thillai
where all people worship him. [478]

5. When I, a dog, was caught and suffered in the whirlpool
of caste, family and birth, no one loved me,
but the lord removed all my troubles and made me his.
He destroyed my ignorance, my form and the egoism of I and mine.
I saw the faultless nectar-like lord in happy Thillai. [479]

6. I went to Thillai surrounded with thick gardens
and saw sages and gods going to the divine hall

to worship the dancing lord.
The ancient one, the ruler of the world
removes our future births,
releases us from sickness and old age
and takes away our desires for this world. [480]

7. I have not done any good service or had devotion for the lord,
but he removed my desire for this world and gave his grace.
He made people think that I am crazy—
he tied my mind as if with a strong rope
and made me join his divine feet.
I saw his tricky play in Thillai where he dances. [481]

8. When I lived in this world uselessly with many ignorant thoughts
and did not know the results of my wrong deeds,
I saw the lord in Thillai
where faultless gods from the sky worship him.
He gave me endless joy and made me his. [482]

9. I am a dog and do not know good behavior and manners.
The compassionate lord removed my bad karma,
brightened my heart and gave me endless love.
I saw the lord in the dancing hall in Thillai
where the Vedas are learned and recited. [483]

10. The lord is the five elements—earth, fire, wind, water and sky—
the five sense organs—eye, ear, nose, mouth and body—
and seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and touching.
He, an emerald, a shining light
that destroys all the troubles of his devotees, made me his.
He is all differences yet he is not biased.

I saw him in famous Thillai

where the Vedas worship and praise him. [484]

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32. Pirartthanaip pattu

1. When I joined your devotees, I was happy,

but when I was separated from them,

I suffered and was troubled.

I want you to make me yours,

and I want to see the faultless joy and light of joining you.

I am tired. Give me your grace

and let my love for you increase in my heart. [485]

2. Some of your devotees have received your grace,

but I, your slave, become older

and live wasting my life like a corpse.

Remove my bad karma and give me your grace

with your ocean-like compassion and make me yours.

I, your slave, long to melt for you. [486]

3. As your devotees plunged into the large ocean

of your nectar-like grace, I lived in this world

with this dark body and I am tired.

See, my dear lord, those who see me here say

that I am confused and crazy and I frighten them.

Give me your grace and keep them from being afraid of me.

Make me yours and let me receive your true love. [487]

4. You gave me your grace,

choosing me among the true devotees

who worship you always and you made me yours.

You, a precious diamond, a pearl and sweet nectar,
removed my troubles.
You are like the light of a lamp that never goes off.
I am your servant and I do not want anything
except your wonderful love. [488]

5. You are the beloved of Uma
whose fish-shaped eyes are lovely as neelam blossoms.
I truly want to have your grace like your dear devotees.
I am a sinner.
Will I receive the ocean of highest joy through your grace
and be without the desire for my body and possessions in this world? [489]

6. Your devotees receive your grace and go to moksha,
but I, a low dog, stay in this world babbling on,
wanting to receive your grace and melting in my heart endlessly.
I long for your true love and I want to think of you always.
I do not want to be separated from you.
You are a wonderful ocean
that gives endless happiness that I can never forget.
O lord, you make me yours. [490]

7. All your devotees found joy in the ocean of happiness of your grace.
Is it fair that I, a low dog, stay in this world
where my troubles increase and I suffer?
Even though I knew you would give me your grace,
I did not ask you, O bright light.
Won't you give me your grace and remove my darkness?
O lord, you make me yours. [491]

8. I want to join the devotees

who received your grace, their hearts melting with devotion.
My heart is hard as bamboo
and I have become weak saying, “Shiva!” always.
Give me the same love that your beloved devotees have for you,
and the grace that makes me continuously
worship your precious golden feet. [492]

9. Your devotees are happy
that you gave them the grace they wished for.
I, your slave, am tired of living
like those who have not received your grace.
O lord of Shivalogam
you changed my mind with your divine grace and made me yours.
Give me the great joy of not being separated from you. [493]

10. O sweet fruit who gave half of your body to your wife.
Do not make me suffer.
If I live like a suraikkaay without a hole,
is that a good thing for you to do to your devotee?
O king, my heart melts yearning to understand you.
When will you enter my heart and give your grace to this sinner?
I want to join you. [494]

11. Your devotees join together, dance, laugh and are happy,
but I wither and do not know any way to reach you.
Should I stay here like a dried out tree?
Give me your grace. I want to love you, join you and melt in my heart for you.
I want to dance, dance and be happy receiving your grace. [495]

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33. Kuzaitha pattu

1. If I ask you to remove my cruel karma,
won't you remove it and save me?
If I try hard to remove my karma on my own, will it happen?
O, beloved of Uma, you rule me and make me yours.
If I do something wrong, won't you forgive me?
O lord, with the crescent moon in your hair,
if I call you, is it right for you not to come
and give your grace to your slave? [496]

2. I am your slave.
I thought you had removed my troubles and ruled me.
O lord you share your body with your wife
whose beautiful waist is slender as a vine.
Why have you not destroyed my body and taken me to moksha?
O lord of Kailasam, you made me yours.
Is it right not to call me and make me your servant
but only to punish me? [497]

3. O lord, I am a dog and have no virtue,
yet you showed your compassion to me and saved me.
Where is that compassion today? Is it false?
O my king, friend of the poor,
if you take my mountain-like faults as good, would it be a mistake?
O lord with eight arms and three eyes,
my father, have pity on me. [498]

4. You are the beloved of Uma with the innocent eyes of a doe.
You made me be born in this world to suffer.
When will you understand that I am ignorant

and give me your grace?
When can I praise and join you saying, “O king my!”? [499]

5. You are all my senses, my tongue that praises you,
and my goal, my wonder, and the good and bad.
There is nothing in this world except you.
You are the truth, O god of Shivalogam,
When I am confused and truly praise you,
asking you to release me from illusion,
won't you come and help me? [500]

6. You know what I want.
If I ask you for anything, you give it.
Thirumal and Brahma could not find you,
but you came to me and made me your servant.
Whatever you give is what I want.
If there is anything that I want,
it only the boon that you want to give. [501]

7. You are a majestic mountain.
When you took me as yours,
that very day you made my body and all that I have yours.
How can I have any troubles now?
O father with eight arms and three eyes, you do only good for us.
If you make mistakes, am I going to be your target? [502]

8. O lord with an eye on your forehead, I am lower than a dog,
yet you showed me your compassion and made me yours. I want you to remove my illusory future births.
I do only what you wish—you can do anything in this world,
but only make me worship your ornamented feet. [503]

9. O lord with an eye in your forehead,
my eyes rejoice seeing your feet
and I think only of them night and day.
I want to know how my body can leave the earth
and reach your ornamented feet.
O lord, I want to think only of your feet—
if I can do that, it is good to be your slave. [504]

10. O beautiful lord, I am a low dog,
and I suffer wanting to see your beauty.
You showed me your divine shining body
and made me your servant.
O ancient lord, you are fame and you are the divine Vedas.
O ancient one, my king, you have not given me moksha,
yet you made me love you—is this right? [505]

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34. Uyirunnippatthu

1. You gave half of your form to Uma
whose waist is as thin as a snake.
You are never apart from my body.
O bull rider, destroyer of my karma,
you stay in famous Thirupperundurai
praised by poets with famous poems.
O sweet one, when will I go there,
see you and join you happily? [506]

2. I am not fit to join the feet of the lord,
but as if placing a dog on a throne,
he entered my body and mixed with my life.

He will not be separated from my heart.
The lord with jata swarming with singing bees
stays in Thirupperundurai always.
He gave me a precious place
that even the gods in the sky have not received. [507]

3. I do not know who am I or what is mine.
I do not know night from day.
He, the crazy lord who crossed beyond the minds and words of all,
has made me crazy.
The rider on a ferocious bull stays in Thirupperundurai.
I do not know what wrong I have done.
O lord, you are the highest light. [508]

4. Is there anyone in this wide world
who can destroy our karma like him? Tell me.
He entered my heart and made me his.
He made me weak with devotion and joined me.
The great god of Thirupperundurai
stays in my heart, my eyes and in my words. [509]

5. O people, because you have not destroyed
the desires of this world, you are destroying yourselves.
If anyone says, “True desire is holding to the lord,”
you will not listen to him.
Hurry and come to Thirupperundurai
where the lord with lovely jata stays
and join the devotees who worship the feet
of the destroyer of births. [510]

6. He removed the karma

that comes to me like waves on the ocean,
entered my body and my life, and, staying there, filled them.
This is the mischief of my highest lord of Thirupperundurai
on whose crowned head the shining moon floats. [511]

7. I do not want fame, I do not want wealth,
I do not want life on earth or in heaven,
I do not want birth and death.
I will not touch those who do not want to be devotees of the lord.
I worship the divine feet of the lord of Thirupperundurai.
and will not go away from him.
I will not allow him to be separated from me. [512]

8. O lord, should I call you honey hanging from the branches
or should I call you the nectar in the sounding ocean.
I cannot wait to reach you, our lord, my king and my remedy.
You stay in Thirupperundurai surrounded with wet flourishing fields.
O faultless one, your divine body is smeared with sacred ash. [513]

9. You are our god, our remedy and our nectar.
You, the god of Thirupperundurai,
have a body as beautiful as a vetchi flower.
I am you and you stay in my heart always.
I only know what I have now,
but I do not know what my future will be. [514]

10. Your devotees of this world who went to heaven
performed tapas always and worshiped you,
but my body is a burden
and I stay in this world as if I were a forest tree.
You abide in everlasting Thirupperundurai

where kondrai trees bloom with flowers that drip honey.
If I become a sinner, won't people say
that you do not give your grace to your devotees
and take care of them. [515]

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35. Accap patthu

1. I am not afraid of the snake that lives in the snake pit,
I am not afraid of liars even when they tell the truth,
but when I see ignorant people
who even after approaching the feet of the highest lord
with a third eye and thick jata
still think there are other gods and worship them,
O my lord, I am afraid. [516]

2. Even if my desires increase I am not afraid.
Even if the ocean of my karma increases I am not afraid.
But if I see people worshiping gods other than the divine form of my god
whom Brahma and Thirumal could not see
and if they do not feel disgust and ask, "Are these gods?"
O my lord, I am afraid. [517]

3. I am not afraid of spears smeared with flesh,
I am not afraid of the glances of women wearing bracelets,
but if I see people who do not worship
my jewel-like faultless lord who dances in the hall in Thillai
and do not realize his grace and love him,
O my lord, I am afraid. [518]

4. I am not afraid of the parrot-like speech of women,
I am not afraid of their seductive smiles,

but if I see people who do not love the lord,
worshiping, crying and melting in their hearts,
shedding tears and approaching the feet
of the lord of the Vedas adorned with white ashes,
O my lord, I am afraid. [519]

5. I am not afraid of sickness,
I am not afraid of birth and death,
but if I see someone who does not worship
and praise the feet of the lord adorned
with the crescent moon and white ashes,
whom Thirumal could not find when he dug up the earth,
O my lord, I am afraid. [520]

6. I am not afraid of blazing fire,
I am not afraid even if mountains fall down,
but if I see cowards who do not cry and worship
the lovely lotus feet of my father,
the bull rider adorned with ashes who cannot be described,
O my lord, I am afraid. [521]

7. I am not afraid when people blame me for things I have not done,
I am not afraid if I die young,
but if I see people who do not melt
and worship the feet of the ancient lord
adorned with a budding kondrai garland,
holding fire in his hand
and dancing in the shining hall of Thillai,
O my lord, I am afraid. [522]

8. I am not afraid of elephants that break their posts,

I am not afraid of tigers with fiery eyes,
but if I see ignorant people who do not calmly worship
the fragrant feet of my father
adorned with precious ornaments and fragrant jata,
whom even the gods in the sky could not reach,
O my lord, I am afraid. [523]

9. I am not afraid of thunder roaring in the sky,
I am not afraid being involved with kings,
but if I see people afraid to touch the sacred ashes of the lord
who made me his and changed the poison from the milky ocean to nectar,
O my lord, I am afraid. [524]

10. I am not afraid of arrows readied for shooting,
I am not afraid of Yama's anger,
but if I see cowards who do not ponder, suffer,
melt, shed tears from their bright eyes and worship
the lord adorned with the crescent moon,
O my lord, I am afraid. [525]

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36. Thiruppandip pathiham

1. The lord, nectar for the Pandya kings,
shares half his body with Uma, the daughter of Himalaya.
He is the servant of his devotees and rides a horse.
He has no relatives and owns nothing.
My heart does not know any other god except the unique god
and I worship his ornamented feet in my heart. [526]

2. When the lord, brighter than the sun,
comes to us on a horse carrying a whip,

our future births will be removed.
Let us proclaim this truth to all
so that devotees will understand and worship him. [527]

3. O devotees, when the lord of the Pandya country
comes on a horse making all the people of the world plunge into a flood of joy,
you will all swim in that flood and your hearts will be joyful.
If you hold to his ankleted feet you will go to the moksha
of the lord who fills the hearts of his devotees. [528]

4. This is the time the king of the southern Pandya country
will arrive on a horse holding a sword
to remove the future births of his devotees.
If you do not want to suffer and be born again,
approach and worship him. [529]

5. The lord, the king of the Pandya country
whom Thirumal and Brahma sought and could not find
swallowed poison to save all the gods.
If you love him he will remove your future births.
He gives wealth to his devotees from his treasure.
Go before him and receive it. [530]

6. The lord removes our darkness and illusions
and makes us understand all things.
Whenever you want to reach
the feet of the bright lamp-like lord
whom the Pandya king did not know and struck with a stick,
you can reach him. There is no obstacle.
This is the way to attain moksha. [531]

7. If devotees understand the lord
who comes on a magic horse and worship his feet,
their births and enemies will be destroyed.
Join the divine feet of the generous southern lord
who gives his grace to all. [532]

8. The lord, the king of the Pandya country,
will make you plunge into permanent joy.
His compassion can never be taken from you.
He will remove your bad karma,
your old mistakes and give you this whole world and moksha.
This is his gift for you.
Go before him and receive his gift. . [533]

9. When Shiva, the king of the Pandya country, comes on a horse,
girls lovely as blooming vines see him,
are fascinated and forget themselves.
The god removes the bad karma of his devotees
whose hearts melt in devotion for him,
and he helps them cross the ocean of birth. [534]

10. Shiva, the king of the Pandya country, conquered Yama,
controlled his five senses
and sat on the throne majestically with his wife.
The unique lord, the servant of his devotees,
came to the king and took away his egoism.
O devotees, join his divine feet and hold to them firmly. [535]

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37. Piditha patthu

1. O lord, I am a sinner.
O king of the gods, everlasting bliss,
newly ripened fruit, ruler of my family,
remedy that removes our births and gives us moksha,
most profound meaning of all the shastras,
lord with precious anklets, you are our wealth.
I hold onto you firmly as my own.
Where can you go now leaving me? [536]

2. O lord, bull rider,
king that all the gods love,
ultimate truth for me who have done bad karma
and my savior in old age.
When I become weak and suffer,
I hold onto you firmly always.
O lord, ocean of compassion,
where can you go now leaving me? [537]

3. O lord, father and mother, you are a matchless jewel
and the nectar that springs from love.
I, a liar, have wasted my life.
I am a low person and my body is filled with worms.
You, my wealth, gave me the wonderful state of Shivam.
O lord, I hold onto you firmly in this birth.
Where can you go now leaving me? [538]

4. O lord, you are the light that gives grace to all,
a fruit filled with compassion,
a king for the sages who do hard tapas,

a meaningful work of art,
joy that no one can describe
and the brightness of Yoga.
You enter the hearts of your faultless devotees.
O lord, I hold onto you in this dark world.
Where can you go now leaving me? [539]

5. O lord, you are matchless and unique,
a light that shines in this slave's heart.
O love, you gave the precious state to me
a weak devotee who does not know what moksha is.
O wealth, lord Shiva, you are a shining form that cannot be described.
I am exhausted, I hold onto you.
Where can you go now leaving me? [540]

6. I am an orphan.
You entered my heart and made it your temple,
abiding there and giving me limitless joy.
O Pinnnaga, you removed my future births and rule my family.
I, your slave, see you in the open sky.
O wealth, lord Shiva,
I will hold onto you until the end of my life.
Where can you go now leaving me? [541]

7. You gave me your grace and showed me, your slave,
how to remove my desires for the world.
You happily accepted my worship,
entered my heart and showed me your beautiful ornamented feet.
You are my bright lamp.
O wealth, shining form, Lord Shiva, Esaa, I hold onto you tightly.
Where can you go now leaving me? [542]

8. O lord, my chief,
first one of the world and of the gods, endless Siddha,
your devotees hold to you firmly.
You are crazy, you are magic,
all life flourishes and exists in you
yet you are other than they.
O clever one, I hold onto you tightly.
Where can you go now leaving me? [543]

9. More than a mother
who thinks of her child and gives it milk,
you showed your compassion to me.
You melt this sinner's body,
increase the light in my heart,
and pour the honey of joy into it.
You roam and wander everywhere.
O wealth, lord Shiva, I hold onto you tightly.
Where can you go now leaving me? [544]

10. You entered my body made of flesh
and changed it into your golden temple.
You melted all my bones.
O Esaa, faultless jewel,
bright light that destroys sorrow, birth, death,
illusion and desire for the world,
you made me, this poor one, yours.
O joy, I hold onto you tightly.
Where can you go now leaving me? [545]

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38. Thiruvesaravu

1.You made my iron heart soft, melted my bones,
gave me the grace of worshiping your ankleted feet
and showed me the taste of sugarcane.
O lord, the Ganges flows with roaring waves in your hair.
Isn't it your wonderful grace that changed the foxes to tall horses?
Isn't this how you give your grace to all? [546]

2. You share your body with your wife whose words are like music.
You are sweet nectar to your devotees, your servants.
You made me, your slave, yours.
Give me your grace and remove my births on this earth.
You called me saying, "Come to me!"
Do I not survive worshiping your ornamented feet? [547]

3. O highest of the high, I do not have anyone to depend on
and I plunge into the terrible hell of birth and death.
Come and save me.
You drank the poison from the milky ocean.
You made me, your slave, yours,
and you show me the path of worshiping your lotus feet.
I think of your power always and receive your grace. [548]

4. You are the dancer with thick jata
and you have tied a green snake around your waist.
Great sages worship your lotus feet.
I should not worship other small deities—save me from them.
What a wonder, you have entered my mind
and showed me how to worship you.
Isn't this the way you give your grace to all? [549]

5. I have not learned any art and am not wise.
Even though I have not melted in my heart thinking of you,
I have not thought of any other gods or worshiped them.
I am your slave.
I, a dog, came to you and am proud of being your devotee.
O lord, you gave me a golden seat.
Isn't this the way you give your grace to all? [550]

6. I suffer caught by the sidelong glances
of women with feet soft as cotton
and I cannot escape from them.
When I see them, I shiver as if I had drunk poison.
You are the nectar that dances in the divine hall of Thillai.
O lord, you made me yours,
and you gave me your grace saying, "Do not be afraid!"
Isn't this the way you give your grace to all? [551]

7. O Shiva, great god of southern Thirupperundurai,
even the gods in the sky do not know you.
You removed my births and made me yours,
melting my heart and entering there with love.
You face the southern direction and give your grace to all. [552]

8. You are the endless god,
the first one, ageless, the highest, praised by the everlasting Vedas,
the meaning of everything, and being and non-being.
When I suffered in this world you came and saved me.
O great lord, isn't this the way you give your grace to all? [553]

9. Whenever I am afraid of anything, I think of your lotus feet

and. keeping them in my mind, my heart melting,
I worship you, crying out, “O lord Shiva!”
I have plunged into the wide ocean of your divine compassion.
O god of Thiruvidaimaruthur, give me your grace. [554]

10. I did tapas and learned the mantra, “Shivaya namaha.”
The lord Shiva, honey, sweet nectar, sweet to all,
came to me, entered my heart and gave his grace to me, his slave.
That very day I began to hate this life and this body made of flesh. [555]

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39. Thiruppulambal

This pathiham has only three poems

1. Brahma seated on a beautiful lotus
and Thirumal could not find your head or feet
when they searched for them.
You share half your body with your wife
whose round breasts are like kongu flowers.
You, smeared with divine white ashes,
are the god of Thiruvarur surrounded by tall walls.
I am your slave and will not praise anything
except your beautiful ankleted feet. [556]

2. O lord, adorned with lovely jata,
you dance carrying fire and a three-leafed trident.
You, rider on a young white bull,
are a divine light and the soul of all.
O god of Thirupperundurai surrounded with flourishing groves,
I am your slave and you made me yours.
I have no refuge but you. [557]

3. I do not want relatives, a place of my own or a name,
and I do not want to join learned people.
What I have learned is enough.
O dancer, god of Kutralam,
worshiping your feet with their sounding anklets,
I want to love you and melt for you
like a calf seeking its mother. [558]

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40. Kulaappatthu

1. When I gave myself to the dancing lord of Thillai,
embracing him, I thought only his begging pot
and his tiger-skin garment were my wealth.
My heart melted for him and as I searched for the lord
I understood that what I searched for was the feet of Shiva.
My body and life bow down and worship him
because I have made him mine. [559]

2. When I gave myself to the dancing lord of Thillai,
embracing him, I gave up all my evil deeds
and the desire for the arms of sweetly speaking women
with waists like small drums.
I am his slave and worship his feet and I will not die or be born again.
I have made him mine. [560]

3. When I gave myself to the dancing lord of Thillai,
embracing him, my bones melted and I worshiped him
and my good and bad karma was destroyed.
My troubles have gone away
and all my relationships have become faultless.
He has entered my heart and I have made him mine. [561]

4. When I gave myself to the dancing lord of Thillai,
embracing him, I joined his devotees
who had separated themselves from their relations and ambitions
and were devoted to the lord.
I think firmly only of the greatness of the nectar-like lord
and I have made him mine. [562]

5. I gave myself to the dancing lord of Thillai,
embracing him, and joined the devotees who served him,
liberated from their fame, qualities,
faults, sickness and future birth.
I drank the honey-like compassion of the lord,
joined him in Thillai and made him mine. [563]

6. Because my heart approached him and trusted him,
my body will not be destroyed like the bodies of others
that are like the buds that grow on a branch, bloom into flowers,
ripen into soft fruit and become old and die.
I embraced the dancing lord of Thillai and made him mine. [564]

7. O lord, if you place on my head your divine feet
with which you crushed the arms of the heroic Rakshasa,
all my desires and passions will go away and I will be happy.
My heart, trusting the lord, approaches and worships him,
the dancer in the golden hall of Thillai,
and it is happy that I embraced him and have made him mine. [565]

8. When you placed on my head your divine feet
that walked behind the dark, strong boar in the forest,
all my five senses were controlled and defeated.

I gave myself to the dancing lord of Thillai
and embraced him and made him mine. [566]

9. I am like a useless field planted with seeds but not plowed.
Because of the good karma of my past birth, my life is good,
and I have become his slave, able to bow my poor head
and worship the lotus feet of the lord.
I gave myself to the dancer of Thillai and embraced him
and made him mine. [567]

10. I do good service with a faultless mind to the lord
who shares half his body with his wife who is graceful as a vine.
When I gave myself to the dancer of Thillai and embraced him,
he, my mother, destroyed all the karma of my births in this world,
and I made him mine. [568]

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41. Arpudappatthu

1. I loved women and, confused,
was caught in the ocean of life on this earth.
The true lord showed me his golden feet, gave me his divine grace
and removed all the illusions of the world and my troubles,
appearing before me.
How can I describe the wonder of his bright light? [569]

2. I did not sprinkle beautiful flowers on your feet
or worship you as all others do.
Confused, I desired women with breasts smeared with sandal paste
and wandered about without knowing what I was doing.
You came to me, gave me your grace, removed my sorrows
and showed me your feet ornamented with golden anklets.

How can I describe the wonder
when my king came and stood before me? [570]

3. I am a actor on this earth and have told many lies.
My bad karma stood at the door of my house
and it made me babble and wander about.
You, the wonderful lord whom the great Vedas seek,
released me from the karma that made me suffer,
gave me your sweet grace and made me yours.
I do not know how this miracle happened. [571]

4. I did not think of how birth and death happen on this earth.
I have always lied
and the eyes of dark curly-haired women have caught me
and I have been confused living on this earth.
He came with his beautiful wife,
appeared before me as the anklets sounded on his divine feet,
became my dear companion,
took me as his and gave me his grace.
I do not know how this wonder happened. [572]

5. I enjoyed wealth, relatives, women
and all the other pleasures of this earth.
I was proud of everything around me
and wandered everywhere happily.
You removed my bad karma
showed me your beautiful lotus feet,
gave me moksha and made me dance with joy.
You entered my heart and made me yours.
I do not know how this wonder happened. [573]

6. I did not think of low birth or death on this earth
and only plunged into a flood of joy
from the lips of women, wandering as if I were crazy.
The lord, an ocean of grace, without qualities or desire,
came to me with his lovely wife Uma,
gave me his grace and made me his.
I do not know how this wonder happened. [574]

7. In this birth I have not plucked beautiful flowers
and, without missing a day, sprinkled them on the golden feet of the lord,
and I have not recited with love the five letter mantra “Om namashivaaya.”
I wasted my life, attracted to the eyes of women
with round breasts and eyes smeared with kohl.
My father, my lord, came to me, showed me his lotus feet,
gave me his grace and made me his.
I do not know how this wonder happened. [575]

8. The lord even the shastras do not know
destroyed my body and my life that swing back and forth
and removed the fruits of my karma.
He whom no one can feel gave me feelings for him,
showed me his light, removed my desire for the earth,
showed me his divine compassion and joined me with his devotees.
I do not know how this wonder happened. [576]

9. I was born in this forest-like world, became rotten and wandered.
Like a dirty dog I did whatever women wanted,
agreeing to their desires and roaming behind them.
My father showed me his fragrant feet
that the great gods on the earth Thirumal and Brahma could not find,
made me his and gave me his grace.

I do not know how this wonder happened. [577]

10. I did not think that there would be
future births and deaths on this earth for me.
I thought only of the crafty actions
of fish-eyed women with thick curly hair.
My god, my dear lord,
showed me his ornamented lotus feet that have no end,
gave me wisdom and made me his.
I do not know how this wonder happened. [578]

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42. Chennippatthu

1. He, the god of gods, the lord of Thirupperundurai in the south,
is the true servant of his devotees.
The ancient lord, a form of joy, could not be found by the three gods
even though they searched for him.
No one except his devotees can know him, the bright light.
He places his faultless lotus feet on my head and makes it shine. [579]

2. The god of southern Thirupperundurai is handsome,
a flood of joy, a sage, the true lord of the world of Shivaloka,
and the servant of his devotees.
The lord who shares half his body with his wife whose curly hair drips with honey,
places his faultless lotus feet on my head and makes it shine, [580]

3. O girls! Look at him, our lord and chief,
the god of Thirupperundurai surrounded with coconut trees,
the servant of his devotees.
He stole the bangles of the girls and took their lives also.
He places his faultless lotus feet on my head and makes it shine. [581]

4. The highest lord, the dancer in Thillai,
came to the earth as a Brahmin surrounded by his devotees
and worshiped by the Siddhas.
Our playful lord entered my home, made me his and accepted my service.
He places his beautiful lotus feet on my head and makes it shine. [582]

5. The god of Thirupperundurai
who shares his body with his wife whose arms are as round as bamboo,
makes me realize that this illusory life is not true and gives me his grace.
He shows me the world and says,
“Look at this world where sweet nectar springs!”
He places his beautiful lotus feet on my head and makes it shine. [583]

6. The lord, our father, entered my heart,
destroyed my bad karma, made me his,
and gave me devotion so I could join
his feet adorned with golden ornaments.
I pluck many flowers, sprinkle them on him and worship him,
and he gives me moksha
and a position higher than the three worlds.
He places his beautiful lotus feet on my head and makes it shine. [584]

7. The lord removed my ocean of births,
gave me his wonderful grace,
made me join his devotees as if I were an orphan,
became my relative and saved me from my troubles.
The lord places his mighty feet on my head and makes it shine. [585]

8. The lord, my Esan, my chief, my father,
the bright light, destroys the false bodies of his devotees

that are filled with worms and gives them his grace
as their eyes fill with tears and they fold their hands and worship him,
sprinkling pure flowers on his feet.
He places his faultless lotus feet on my head and makes it shine. [586]

9. When I was wandering in vain,
the lord of the sky, the god beyond all worlds,
called me, saying, “Come to me!”
and destroyed my karma, my enemy.
He places the beautiful golden lotus feet
that give grace and joy to his beloved devotees
on my head and makes it shine. [587]

10. He, the lord of moksha. the ancient light.
the sage, the first seed of the world, is the god of Shivaloka.
O devotees who sing and praise his divine names,
come to the lord. and worship him and your sins will be removed.
He places his feet that make me serve him on my head and makes it shine. [588]

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43. Thiruvaarthai

1. The ancient lord sharing his body with Uma
stays in Thirupperundurai surrounded with blooming groves.
He is the creator and teacher of the Vedas to the sages,
a bright light that stays in the flower hearts of his devotees,
and the giver of faultless, highest compassion
and justice to the devotees who praise him.
He came down from the sky, appeared before them
and gave them his grace.
The devotees who know these things are my masters. [589]

2. When Brahma, Thirumal and Indra the king of the gods
came to the earth and worshiped Shiva,
he came and gave his grace to them and showed them
the good path in Thiruvidaimarudur, filled with tall palaces
where he also showed compassion to a beautiful girl.
The devotees who know this story of the compassionate lord are my masters [590]

3. The god of Thirupperundurai who removes the sickness of all
and grants his grace, the king of the gods in the sky,
is adorned with a beautiful crown and dances joyfully in the hall of Thillai.
When he sailed on the boat of the six religions
while the gods in the sky and the people of the earth praised him,
he threw a fine net and caught fish to marry the fisherman's daughter he loved.
The devotees who know this story of the lord are my masters. [591]

4. When the gods in the sky came searching for the lord
and asked his help on Mahendra mountain,
the ancient and compassionate god of Thirupperundurai,
disguised as a hunter, rode on a galloping horse and came to save them.
Those who know how the lord
gave his grace and saved his devotees are my masters. [592]

5. When the gods in the sky worship
our highest god of Thirupperundurai,
that ocean of compassion gives his grace
to his devotees and removes their worldly troubles.
In ancient days, he crossed the oceans roaring with waves,
went to Lanka surrounded with tall forts,
and gave his grace to soft-fingered Mandodari.
The devotees who know the story of Mandodari are my masters. [593]

6. Our Esan, the ancient god of Thirupperundurai,
bending his bow, burned the three forts of the Rakshasas.
He took the form of a hunter and, with hunting dogs,
went to the forest as the gods helped him.
He took the form of a mother pig
and gave milk to her piglets out of compassion.
Devotees who know how our lord
gave his grace to the baby pigs are my masters. [594]

7. Our Esan, the virtuous god, the shining light of Thirupperundurai
surrounded with blooming grooves
came to the earth, removed the troubles of all
and gave his grace as Lakshmi and Saraswathi, seated on lovely lotuses,
sprinkled flowers on his beautiful feet, singing and worshiping him.
Devotees who know how the lord gave his grace
and removed the differences between people are my masters. [595]

8. The lord adorned with a blooming kondrai flower garland
and wearing a tiger skin
shares half his body with his lovely wife Uma.
He, the king of Thirupperundurai surrounded by flourishing groves,
is our Esan of faultless, excellent fame.
When the beautiful daughter of the king Vaanan
who had conquered many oceans
appeared, as lovely as a painting, in a sacrificial fire,
our lord married her.
Devotees who know their story are my masters. [596]

9. The shining Shiva, smeared with pure white ashes,
is the king of Thirupperundurai.
His divine feet are worshiped by Indra, the king of the gods,

while the gods in the sky sprinkle flowers on them.
He showed his love and compassion to me.
When I worshiped his ornamented feet, melting in devotion for him,
he removed all my troubles and made me his.
Devotees who know how the lord
grants his grace to all and makes me his are my masters. [597]

10. The clever beautiful-eyed god of Thirupperundurai,
the king of the gods, nectar for his devotees,
came to the earth as a seller of bangles
and ornamented the girls on the streets of Madurai with conch bangles.
Devotees who know how he plays and worship him are my masters. [598]

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44. Ennap padikam

1. I should not be born in the world again,
and if I am born I should be devoted only to you.
O lord Shiva with a lovely form,
you are like the red lotus and sweet nectar.
Come and stay among your devotees with your divine form
and give us your grace and save us. [599]

2. Even though I am not to fit to be your slave,
I cannot live on this earth even for one day separated from you.
I am a dog and do not know what to do.
O Sankara, is it not true that you came to me,
showed me your ornamented feet and gave me your grace, saying,
“I will not be separated from you!”?
Are you not my dear lord? [600]

3. You gave me your grace melting my bones

and showed me your lotus feet.
O highest sage, you made me yours,
gave me joy, melted my heart and saved my life.
You are my close friend and dear as life.
Give me your grace without hesitating. [601]

4. Even though I do not have devotion for you,
even though I do not worship you blissfully
as I gaze at your precious beautiful feet,
even though I do not prattle your names,
still you take away my future births.
O great lord, you are a pearl. a jewel,
and the first one of the world.
Wherever I am, I cannot live separated from you. [602]

5. I lost the desire to see you with my eyes,
and joyfully join your divine feet,
and I did not desire to prattle your names.
O great lord, Thanu, I am destroyed.
Because I have no goodness,
I have lost the desire to melt in my heart and think of you.
If you come to see me, I will be ashamed. [603]

6. O lord, highest one, smeared with divine ashes as white as milk,
bright light, you appear with compassion
before your true devotees, giving us your grace.
Even though I am immoral,
still I praise you, saying, “You are my nectar!”
and I call you, crying.
Won't you come to me and give me your grace,
comfort me, and make me yours? [604]

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45. Yaathiraip pathu

1. He, our king, Puyangaperuman, adorned with a kondrai garland,
entered our hearts with a flood of compassion
and stayed there without leaving us, mixing with our feelings.
We are small. He is our love—come and join him.
We will give up our false lives and reach the god's feet—
we should be ready for it. [605]

2. Think of the lotus feet of the lord Puyangaperuman
and do not follow the path of your five senses.
Leave everything that you own
and give up all pleasures of the world.
We are like dogs yet he came to the earth,
entered our hearts, made us happy and made us his.
If we join him, the right one for us,
we will never grow tired in life. [606]

3. He is his own relative, he is his own fate.
Who are we? What do we own?
Who are we connected to?
What is this illusory world?
Join all the devotees and think only of him, our king.
If you are truthful, he who wears a snake
will make you join his golden feet. [607]

4. O all devotees of the lord,
give up the pleasures of the world,
think only of his fragrant feet and stay beneath them.
The lord smeared with divine ashes
will help us to worship his lotus feet

and take our evil bodies to the world of Shiva. [608]

5. If you give up your games and the desires for the world,
you will not have any sickness.
If you think only of joining with the feet of the lord
and worship him, he will make you his.
We will reach Shivapuram and its beautiful doors will open for us.
We will praise Puyangaperuman, melting in our hearts. [609]

6. If we praise our god, worship him
and sprinkle flowers on him, removing all our faults
and thinking only of him, we will have no troubles.
We will go to famous bright Shivapuram,
worship his feet, join his devotees,
and, melting in our hearts, stay with him. [610]

7. We will not wait like those who wait in the world
to reach the golden feet of the lord Puyangaperuman
who has a beautiful divine body.
Do not wait—think only of joining his feet.
If we wait too long, it will be hard for us to reach him. [611]

8. O devotees, do not wait and suffer later
thinking that you wasted your life and you will not reach him.
You are fortunate and happy to be with the lord without being apart from him.
The divine door studded with beautiful jewels of Shivapuram is open.
Let us go there and join the divine feet of the lord Puyangaperuman
that even Thirumal could not find. [612]

9. Do not live a false life on this earth,
but think only of joining the lord Puyangaperuman,

the beloved of Uma whose eyes are sharp as spears glistening in battle.
Plunge with love into his nectar-like grace
and think of his feet without ceasing. [613]

10. Do not praise and worship other gods and join with them.
You are puzzled and confused—who will respect you?
If you want to remove the troubles of this life, do this:
think of the grace of the lord Puyangaperuman.
If you do not think of him, you will be sorrowful. [614]

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46. Thiruppadai ezuchi.

1. Beat the sounding drum for the lord
who bears the sword of wisdom.
Carry the royal white umbrella for the lord, the rider of a white bull.
Smear your bodies with white ashes that will protect you.
We will conquer the sky and the earth
and no army of illusion will come to us. [615]

2. O devotees, march in the front of the army of devotion.
Yogis with the power of tapas, march in the middle of the army of devotion.
O wise Siddhas, march at the end of the army of devotion.
We will conquer the sky and no troubles will come to us. [616]

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47. Thiru venba

1. I have not thought of the lord the bright fire
of beautiful Thirupperundurai where flowers drip with honey.
My good and bad karma burn me
and my body has not melted
and my lies have not fallen to pieces.
What can I do? [617]

2. Should I shout and call you?
Should prattle your name?
Should I dance for you?
Should I sing your fame?
Should I praise your devotees?
O highest lord, what can I do?
He is the god of Thirupperundurai, our master,
and he gives us blissful happiness.
Who could fail to worship him?
Who could claim he is a master
when the real master is the lord? [618]

3. I do not know what mistakes I have made,
I do not know how to fold my hands and worship you,
I do not know how to escape from this birth,
yet the god of Thirupperundurai
has thrown his spear of devotion into my heart. [619]

4. The generous lord, the king of the south,
the compassionate god of the Thirupperundurai
took away my good and bad karma and my future births
and came before me.
The compassionate lord is the remedy
that cures the sorrows of his devotees [620]

5. Brahma the creator of the world
and Thirumal could not find the feet or the head of the lord
and became confused, yet he, the god of Thirupperundurai,
has entered my heart and stayed there without leaving me. [621]

6. My lord, the god of Thirupperundurai,
a sweet nectar that never loses its taste,
made me crazy, removed my future births,
made me silent, intoxicated me with devotion,
entered my heart, gave me his grace and made me his. [622]

7. The path he showed me that not everyone can find
is the nectar that removes this birth.
He, the matchless god of the southern Tirupperundurai,
entered my heart and made it shine. [623]

8. He is the best and the most famous
and I am the least and lowest.
My dear lord gave me joy that no one has received.
What can I give him back? [624]

9. The three gods, Brahma, Thirumal, and Rudra,
the thirty-three gods and all the other gods
could not see the lord Shiva,
but he came to the earth riding on a horse
and I saw him and worshiped his ornamented feet
and my body filled with joy. [625]

10. The generous god of Thirupperundurai.
came to me and made me his.
O heart, think of his feet and worship him.
He will enter you as the remedy
that takes away all your troubles
and gives you all the things you want. [626]

11. The god of famous Thirupperundurai

gave me great joy, removed my troubles,

took away all my sorrows and loved me,

entering my heart and happily making it his place. [627]

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48. Pandaaya naanmarai

1. The ancient four Vedas and Brahma

could not find the lord searching for him, the god of Thirukkokkazi.

O heart, he took me, a low one, as his servant and gave me his grace.

Tell me, how can I repay him? [628]

2. O people, the generous lord came riding

on an illusory horse like a flood of honey

and removed the three sins of the world.

If you praise Thirupperundurai where the lord stays,

you will destroy your future forest-like births. [629]

3. The god of Thirupperundurai

came to the forest disguised as a hunter.

As a fisherman, he threw nets to catch fish in the ocean.

And he came riding on a horse

to remove our karma and give us his grace.

O heart, worship his lotus feet

and your ignorance will be gone. [630]

4. The many devotees who come to divine Thirpperundurai

and worship the lord, living happily, praised by the world,

and ridding themselves of their karma

are my people. [631]

5. The lord, the king of Thirukkokkazhi,

stays with his wife whose words are like music
and will not leave that place.
O devotees, go there and see him
and all your troubles will be removed. [632]

6. He gives his grace and takes away the future births of his devotees
even if they feel that all the things they see give them happiness.
O heart, praise the the highest lord of Thirupperundurai
who will not leave that place ever. [633]

7. The lord, a jewel, is the meaning of all words.
I praise Thirupperundurai with jewel-like words
and worship his divine feet keeping them in my heart.
They are the remedy for all my troubles
and they take away my future births. [634]

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49. Thiruppadai aatchi

1. If the god who disguised himself as a fisherman and caught fish
comes and appears before me,
my eyes will be happy to see his ornamented feet,
my life will no longer be soiled by being involved with women,
I will not be born on the earth again,
I will be able to worship the lotus feet of the lord
that even Thirumal could not find,
and I will be able to sing and praise him with music and dance.
I will praise the devotees of the lord, the king of the Pandya country,
and the things that make the gods happy will come to the earth also. [635]

2. If the lord, my master, comes riding on a bull and makes me his and enters my heart,
my five senses and their actions will no longer hurt me,

I will escape from all the troubles that have kept me from joining his devotees,
I will remain before the god like a calf before its mother,
all my good qualities will not go away,
I will no longer worry about good and bad on the earth,
I will join all his good devotees,
and I will receive the nectar of the lord's grace filled with love. [636]

3. If my master, lord Esan, comes before me,
I will be able to end my relationship with the world,
be rid of my bad qualities,
change the prayers in my mind to divine nectar,
see the whole world in my heart,
approach the ancient lord, the bright divine light,
and no longer love and suffer
for women with coral mouths and fish-shaped eyes,
but be happy thinking only of the lord's divine body.
As if he were using Indra's magic, the lord will destroy my future births. [637]

4. If my lord who made me his comes before me and gives his grace,
my ornamented chest will embrace his chest and feel happy,
I will plunge into his ocean of endless compassion and dance,
my heart will sing precious songs and praise the lord,
I will wear the divine ashes of the lord every day,
I will be the first devotee to serve him,
I will worship his lotus feet that the wonderful Vedas could not find,
and I will feel as if sengazuneer blossoms were being sprinkled on me. [638]

5. If the lord who made me his appears before me,
I will not be confused with all the illusions of this earth,
I will worship his lotus feet that even the gods in the sky could not find,
I will no longer suffer, plunging into the darkness of egoism,

I will rejoice, being with the devotees who love the lord,
the doubt I have whether he is a man, woman or both will go away,
I will have no future births,
and I will achieve many siddhis that I have not attained. [639]

6. If Esan, my lord who made me his, appears before me,
my body smeared with divine ashes will shine like gold,
the sages who did great tapas will fold their hands in reverence
and sprinkle flowers on me,
I will no longer think of women with waists as slender as lightning,
I will be happy hearing music,
the feet of my lord's devotees will be placed on my head and make me flourish,
I will join his devotees and they will protect me
and I will hear the sweet music of lovely musical instruments everywhere. [640]

7. If the lord with the crescent moon in his hair appears
to make us his and give us his grace,
I will hear the faultless sound of the music that cannot be described,
I will have the bright presence of the lord in my heart always,
I will have divine experiences that I never knew before,
I will no longer be involved in passion with women with eyebrows like bows,
I will reach the precious lord whom even the gods could not find
and I will receive the grace of the lord who has eight attributes. [641]

8. If the lord of the endless Vedas appears and makes me his,
I will hear the happy sound of conches that come from the roaring waves,
the qualities I was born with will no longer hurt me,
I will no longer become confused wondering whether this or that is good,
my highest desire will be to be a devotee of the devotees of the lord,
my mind will no longer be plunged into desire for women with fish-shaped eyes,
I will know the experience of Shiva that good devotees have,

and I will reach the god, the highest light, the omnipresent one and sweet nectar. [642]

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50. Aananda maalai

1. When the devotees
who worship your lotus feet that shine like lightning
go to the wide world of the sky,
the gods in the sky sprinkle gold flowers and praise them,
but I am a low person and my heart is hard as a stone.
I am plunged in an ocean of sorrow—
tell me how those like me can join you. [643]

2. You offered me a position I have never known
but without understanding, I destroyed myself.
You have not done anything bad to me,
but what can I tell about myself to you?
O my master, I have not joined your dear devotees
who have worshiped you for a long time
but stay here in this world
while my body becomes a feast for disease. [644]

3. I have no good qualities and have not done penance.
I have no deep knowledge and am not wise.
I live like a puppet made of leather
as I wander around in this world.
You released me from the illusions of the world
and showed me the right way to go to heaven.
You are my ruler—when will I, a low person, reach you? [645]

4. You are faultless,
but I have done many wrong deeds and destroyed myself.

I suffer and suffer. What do you gain by making me suffer like this?
O wonderful jewel, protect me so I will not go to terrible hell.
If I become a bad person, will it be good for you? [646]

5. You are my mother and you feed me milk.
If you do not give me milk, I will be a motherless child.
I trust you—you should help me and give me your grace.
O mother, I worship your feet.
Won't you have compassion on me?
I am a dog and a slave for you.
You made me yours but you do not want to help me. [647]

6. O king, won't you give me your grace?
Is it right that I am destroyed?
If you do not come to help me,
who will tell me, "Do not be afraid!" and save me?
Is this the way all your devotees are treated?
Won't they think this is not a good way to be treated?
O god, dancer of Thillai, I am puzzled. Console me. [648]

7. You changed the dogs into horses,
and you made the people of Madurai of the Pandya kings mad.
O lord, god of Thirupperundurai, unique one,
god of Avinasi, my father, highest light that no one knows,
you made the flood that afflicted the Pandya country.
I do not know what to do. [649]

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51. Achoo padiham

1. I joined with bad people who do not know
the path of moksha and followed them,

but you taught me the path of devotion
and destroyed all my bad karma.
You are my chief, and you made me Shivam—
O lord, who can receive the grace you have given me? [650]

2. When I thought all bad paths are good and followed them,
you took me away from them and gave me your divine grace.
O lord, dancer who have no desire, you showed me your dance.
O lord, who can receive this grace you have given me? [651]

3. When I was intoxicated with love for women
and thought everything false was true,
you protected me and gave me your grace.
O lord who share your body with your wife,
you showed me the path of joining your ornamented feet.
O father, who can know the path that you showed me
and receive your grace? [652]

4. I was born on the earth, grew tired of living and was going to die,
but you gave me your unlimited love and made me yours so I wore white ashes,
and you showed me the faultless path of reaching you.
O father, who can know the path that you showed me
and receive your grace? [653]

5. When my heart suffered because I was attracted
to the glances of beautiful women with feet soft as cotton,
you gave me your grace and saved me.
O my lord, you told me, “Come, do not be afraid!”
O father, who can know the path that you showed me
and receive that grace? [654]

6. I did not think this body would be burned in fire
or that my karma would grow so I would be reborn.
When I fell into the enjoyment of curly-headed women adorned with bracelets,
you released me and made me yours.
You removed my faults and gave me your grace to reach moksha.
O father, who can know the path that you showed me? [655]

7. When I was about to fall into intoxicated desire for women,
you released me and showed me the meaning of “Om.”
O father, who can know the path that you showed me
when you gave me your grace? [656]

8. I fall into births, dying and struggling in them.
I fall into passion for ornamented women.
O lord sharing half of your body with your wife,
give me your grace—I want to join your ornamented feet.
O father, who can know the path that you, the ancient lord, showed me? [657]

9. When I wandered without knowing what is good
you removed all my past, present and future faults
and became the center of my life.
I am a dog yet you thought I am important and had me sit on a throne.
O mother, father, who can know the path that you showed me? [658]

10. I do know how to be born or leave this world or not to return to it.
I do not have the knowledge that your devotees have,
yet the lord gave me his grace and made me as important as his other devotees.
Who can receive the grace that the lord has given me? [659]

11. The lord whom Brahma and Maal could not see
gave me his grace so I would not be born and suffer in this world,

enduring the ties to family.

Who can receive the grace that the divine sage has given me? [660]

12. I sleep at night and in the day I search for food,

suffering and struggling to live.

The ancient lord gave his grace so I would not be born

and belong to a caste or tribe.

He made me his for the world to see.

Who can receive the grace that the lord has given me? [661]

SUBHAM